ERLAND ROUTE.
Pacific Railroad
to Chicago & the East
to Council Bluffs, St. Joseph
St. Louis, Indianapolis
New Orleans
VIA
AND MINNEAPOLIS.
HERN PACIFIC R.R.
ONLY Line Running
Palace Sleeping Cars,
Dining Cars
Day Coaches,
Oregon Points
AND MINNEAPOLIS,
YOUR TICKETS READ
TO CALIFORNIA
California R. R.
National Bank,
WASHINGTON
Savings Bank
erest on Deposits,
N MORTGAGES
21 in 11 Years.
SCHOOL BONDS WANTED.
tional Bank
d Savings Bank
ilton, Bankers,
ational Bank.
itish Columbia.
an Francisco Bank.
A BROS.
utchers & Packers
JOHNSON,

MATTERS SOCIAL.

A Resume of Social Happenings for the Week Past.

Eating Parties—Salem Quite Lively—Two Weddings—Movements of Well Known People to the Coast and Elsewhere.

VANITY FAIR.

A SUMMER FAD

I

Now the apothecary
Doth deem it necessary
To closely scan the men who soda drink drink, drink
So that he may not stir up
Their wrath by giving syrup
Entirely consistent with a wink, wink, wink

II

The small boy goes in swimming
With very little trimming
Or ornament to deck his bathing suit suit suit
In fact quite as unhampered
As Adam when he tampered
In Eden with the interdicted fruit fruit, fruit

"My first meeting with Miss Murfree was very droll," said Mr Howells, the author, speaking of the matter to an interviewer "She had been writing for the *Atlantic* a couple of years One day Osgood dropped in at my library 'Craddock's in town,' said he 'He will dine with me to-night Can't you join us at dinner' I told Osgood I had an engagement for that night, but would surely put in an appearance if only for a few minutes You see it had never occurred to any of us that 'Craddock' was not a man, and I had often given free rein to my fancy in imagining how he would look and act After Osgood left me he hunted up Aldrich and told him about it, and Aldrich said nothing but death would prevent him being present, for if there was one man in the world he wanted to see it was Craddock Then Osgood told Lawrence Barrett about it, and Barrett promised to be there too It so happened that I was the first of the men to arrive I saw two strange ladies in the drawing room, but no Craddock Osgood enjoyed my disappointment a moment, and then he said 'Mr Howells, let me present you to Miss M N Murfree, whom we all know as Charles Egbert Craddock.' The other lady was Miss Murfree's sister Of course I was greatly surprised, and they all laughed heartily at my confusion There was more laughter when Aldrich came in, and then we waited to see how Barrett would take it I think he was the most non-plussed man I ever saw He could do nothing for a few moments but grin—yes, actually grin Think of it' that model of elegance and dignity grinning But he did it and he stammered and hesitated so when he attempted to speak that the entire party roared until their sides ached."

Steel gray is still very fashionable

Red and seal brown make a very pretty combination

Colored mantles of dolman shape are worn in Paris. They are exceedingly brilliant

Elephants breath plush made up into a walking dress, is just the thing for fall wear

A stylish long cloak is made of coarse camel's hair fulled into a deep yoke. Three small capes conceal the yoke, and the body of the cloak is quite full.

Biscuit color is a favorite for wraps this season, and when such a garment is edged with braid or gold cord and finished with jet buttons the effect is very stylish and elegant.

Useful and pretty aprons are made of the red and blue cross barred glass toweling They may have pockets across the bottom for work, the division being marked by fancy stitching

The fashion of wearing corsage bouquets is a beautiful one, and much taste can be displayed in their selection. Field daisies and buttercups are worn in immense clusters, and ball dresses are profusely trimmed with flowers.

The very prettiest hats of the season are now offered to the young ladies The broad brims turned up on one side and trimmed with crepe lisse, flowers and ribbons, are very attractive Flowers are really the fashionable garniture, and white laces are much favored There is a rage for sailor hats, and the style of trimming is very pretty A white one has the brim faced with black velvet a band of the same encircles the crown In front is a high plaiting of crepe lisse, combined with blue velvet ribbon and white lace

The world is growing smaller every day, and friends are no longer separated as much as they were accustomed to be a few years ago The increased speed in crossing the ocean, and the shortened time required by railway trains have helped to annihilate space, as it were, and keep in harmony with humanity's growth during the nineteenth century These reflections have been caused by the receipt, in Chicago, of the following invitation

Mr Henry Irving
requests the pleasure
Mr — — —,
company at Delmonico
at dinner
on the 11th August, at
[illegible]
An answer
will oblige to
[illegible]
[illegible]
Irving

It's rather a novelty for a gentleman in London to write to a friend in Chicago to dine with him in New York, at a certain hour, when time and tide and fortune are considered. But Mr Irving is a princely host He defies the things and the inconveniences that others would consider and looks only to the pleasure with which he and his friends may be favored In a letter Mr Irving says that he will leave London about August 1 for New York Miss Ellen Terry and her daughter will accompany him and towards the end of August they will again set sail for Albion's shore.

SOCIETY IN GENERAL

All Portland is at the coast or at mountain resorts. The past week has shown a marked advance in Clatsop stock, and a corresponding decline in Yaquina. But why this mad rush to the coast, anyway The city has [illegible] [illegible] all summer, very little really oppressive weather and no hot nights Here one can have all the comforts of home in addition, and none of the manifold discomforts of a camping out party, or of the annoyances and numerous drawbacks of a life in a small country village The answer at once suggests itself, "It is the thing to do." Salem has been quite lively the past week Gov Moody and his wife once more entertain, and a number of [illegible] whist parties have occurred In the city here two weddings have taken place, and a few boating parties But still the record of the departures and arrivals from the coast occupy the greater part of the appended resume of happenings

COMPANY OF TILLAMOOK ROCK

The party of young men who went down to Astoria last Saturday a week ago had a very enjoyable time, although the fishing was tedious and poor luck was experienced A few of the party went down on the Olympian but the larger number did not go until the Fulton left at 9 o'clock Early Sunday morning the party went on board the Gen Miles and steamed for Ilwaco where the gallant major remained for the day having thus early succumbed to old Neptune A large supply of fishing tackle was laid in before the start, five and ten pound window weights being taken for sinkers Of course each one had promised all of his friends a mess of fine sea fish, and went to try and get them too Leaving Ilwaco they started for Tillamook rock for a short distance between the two bars comparatively smooth water was encountered, and everyone was very jolly funny and enthusiastic remarks were passed around about the fresh exhilarating salt breezes, and much fun and not a little quiet contempt for the unacclimated to attacks of the major was freely expressed but the old adage "he who laughs last laughs most" was once more verified, for no sooner was the smooth stretch of water passed than the songs seemed to have lost their fascination, and a sombre silence fell o'er the little craft, which pitched and rolled, now end for end and again almost turning her smoke stack first on one side and then on the other. About this time, before any one was actually sick, a raid was made on the cold lunch, of which a goodly supply had been taken, and before 11 o'clock very little remained On arriving at the Rock it was found that the waves were too high to permit of landing, so a line was made fast to the buoy tackle was gotten out, and fishing began in earnest. The first line hauled up brought two fine sole, and then for a long time no fish were caught, but occasionally some poor unfortunate would draw in his line, and, throwing it on the deck, make for the seclusion of the cabin. The sturdy "sticker" of the company was the last to give in, but finally, with many an exclamation of disgust at the weather, the boat, the waves, and the heartlessness of the fish who would not bite, he, too, drew in his line, and leaving it on the deck, departed for the cabin. But his love for fun overcame all other considerations, when happening to see a little mongrel cur which was sliding from one side of the boat to the other, he came out on deck and kicked his baited hook temptingly near him and after the animal had bolted the meat, he called out to the boys in, it must be confessed a rather weak sort of voice, reminding one who has seen the "Bunch of Keys" very much of the manner in which Snaggs calls "front" after his unsuccessful attempt at suicide, "look fellows, I've got a dog fish." It should be stated to ward off the charge of cruelty to animals, that the meat was so thick around the hook that even if the dog had been allowed to swallow it, it could not have hurt him very much. Finding the fish scarce at the Rock the Miles went out to the whistling buoy, where the same sort of fisherman's luck was experienced Leaving shortly after, the boat crossed the bar again for Ilwaco and, after taking on board the major, arrived in Astoria about 6 o'clock. None of the party were seasick very long, but soon got their sea legs on and thoroughly enjoyed the trip, coming home fresh and sunburned and enthusiastic for another trip in the near future, when it is to be hoped the fishing may be better and the water a little less rough

DANCING PARTY AT SALEM

On Thursday evening the governor and Mrs Moody threw open their elegant home for the reception of the many friends of their daughter, Miss Edna, who leaves for California on the 4th of this month to re-enter Mills seminary The whole house was a blaze of light and presented a gorgeous appearance All the magnificent rooms on the first floor were thrown together and canvassed in most perfect form, not a wrinkle breaking the level white surface At 8:30 the guests began arriving, and were received by the governor and his wife assisted by Miss Edna, Miss Nelson and Mr Ralph Moody Promptly at 9 o'clock dancing was commenced The rooms at that time made a very brilliant scene the fresh fair faces of the young ladies in their pretty ball dresses weaving in and out in the rythmical movements of the waltz, the glistening white surface of canvas, and the severe conventional black of the men's dress suit, formed a kaleidoscope picture, whose charm was greatly enhanced by the beautiful strains of the music as it floated out from an inner recess All during the evening ices and creams were served, thus causing no break in the fascinating pleasure of dancing. Those present were Mr and Mrs E I Hirsch, Mr and Mrs George Herren, Miss Gray, Miss Ella Hirsch, Miss Mathews, Miss Nellie Northup, Miss Edith Hughes, Miss Albert, Miss Emma Abell, Miss Nelson, Miss Earhart, Miss Hall, Miss Eva Earhart, Miss Dalrymple, Miss Moores, Miss Lena Breyman, Miss Hatch, Miss Clara Earhart, Miss Annie Breyman, Messrs P H D'Arcy, W J D'Arcy, F H Alston, W T Clarke, I A Manning, E B Piper, I S Dearborn, Charles Piper, O Krausse, E T Frazier, E L Johnson, E Morris, E Willis, A Holgate, and P Willis

BENEFIT TO THE HOME—ERNESSE

The drama of the above name, written by a well-known Portland boy, Mr J. P. Bronson, is an English society drama The plot is an original one, and while lacking the dash of sensationalism, so common in the modern drama, still possesses sufficient interest to hold the attention of the play-goer to the end. The plot hangs on the efforts of Capt. Kenton to win the hand of Ernesse, a niece of Lord Desmond, who is betrothed to her cousin, Capt. Desmond, a brother officer of Kenton's, while a visitor at Lord Desmond's villa, makes a treacherous attempt to kill his rival in the vault underneath an old abbey, but is foiled by the coolness of Capt. Desmond After an absence of a couple of years, Kenton again turns up and secretly visits and attempts to coerce Ernesse. The latter repulses him, and finally he pretends contrition, begging Ernesse for a good by kiss of forgiveness. The latter finally consents and kisses Kenton. Capt Newton accidentally sees them, and misconstruing the action, on Kenton's coming out Newton shoots him Supposing him dead and horrified by the consequences of his action he flees Sorrow kills Lady Desmond and Lord Desmond goes blind Meanwhile an old retainer of the Desmonds has discovered the captain in America, and telling him that Kenton did not die of his wound persuaded him to return home. A joyful reunion follows, and the piece ends with the marriage of the captain and Ernesse The other characters are incidental The receipts of the performance, which will be given at the New Market Saturday August 7, will be given to the Orphans Home in this city

HOTEL HOP

In Tacoma Tuesday evening, parlor A of The Tacoma Hotel presented a very gay appearance, it being the occasion of one of the semi-weekly hops which are to occur throughout the summer season, and which are a source of great amusement among the social circles in that city Following the extreme heat of the day the evening was quite cool, and the pleasure of dancing seemed a greater joy than upon previous occasions of The Tacoma's evening dances, and the jolly waltz and merry schottische were indulged in till the midnight hours The company was quite large, many who attended being merely spectators who viewed the festivities instead of dancing themselves, who seemed to enjoy the fun as much as those who participated in the sport. Prof Paulsen's orchestra discoursed some of their prettiest of pieces and kept marked time and especially was all their round dance music particularly good, and all who were present spent a very enjoyable time Among the ladies and gentlemen who attended were noticed Gen J W Sprague, Mr and Mrs Otis Sprague and Miss Holt, Mrs. J M Buckley, Miss Buckley, Miss N. H Owings of Olympia, Mrs Kilinck of Sprague, W I, Mr and Mrs Isaac W Anderson Mr John Hayden and sister, Miss Allie Hayden of Olympia, Mr. Stuart Rice, Mr Wm Rice and the Misses Rice, Col and Mrs W F Sanders of Montana, Miss Agnes W Bowen, Miss Jennie Forbes, Miss Lillias Robertson, Miss Annie Edmunds, Miss Anna M. Garvin, Miss Bae and Mrs C P Frame, Miss B Frame and Miss Bryant of New York, and the Messrs Baker, Bowen Hosmer, Laidlaw, Manning, Prichard, Sharp, Stewart, Taylor, Tyler, Wheeler and Wallace

HIS FIRST VISIT TO NEW ENGLAND

Mr O S Phelps, of this city, who is traveling in the East, writes the following from Colebrook, Conn, under date of July 22

Arrived here to-day, and am the guest of Horace M Phelps, who drove me down this forenoon to the Colebrook cemetery, where we [illegible] several of Phelps's inscriptions for my [illegible] and where I espied a tombstone [illegible]

IN MEMORY

[illegible]

He was born at Hong Kong, China, March 22, 18[illegible], died at Colebrook, Conn, Nov 13 1883 He was a member of the Chinese educational mission He came to America in July, 1872 and was graduated at Yale college in 1882 "Ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints and of the household of God"

This trip of Mr Phelps, who is an old gentleman of 70, is the first he has ever made to the New England states He has spent a week each at Boston, New York and New Haven.

DRIVE WHIST AT SALEM

On Monday evening Miss Maggie Cooper, of Salem, entertained a number of her friends at a very pleasant drive whist party in honor of her guest, Miss Emma Abell of this city, who has been visiting her for some time Those present were Mr. and Mrs A Gilbert, Mr. and Mrs Geo Herren, Mrs Mattie Scott, Miss Emma Abell and Miss Fanny Plummer, both of Portland Miss Breyman, Miss Church Miss Nelson, Miss Earhart, Miss Eva Earhart, Miss Clara Earhart, Miss Hall Miss Moores, Miss Dalrymple, Miss Elgin, Miss Van Wagner Miss Lena Breyman Miss Anna Breyman, Miss Hatch, Miss Nellie Gilbert, Miss Lizzie Church, Messrs P H D'Arcy, Arthur Holgate Ralph Moody, Chas Piper, O Krausse, E L Johnson, F Willis, E J Frazier, I A Manning, Percy Willis, E S Dearborn, W J Clark, F H Alston, I S Dearborn, W J D'Arcy and Mr Morris

KIDDER—MILWAIN

Thursday night at the home of the bride, on 11th and Stark streets, Miss Florence Kidder and Mr A M Milwain, a well known young architect of this city, were united in marriage by the Rev J Q A Henry, the ceremony taking place at 10 o'clock. Only the relatives and a few intimate friends witnessed the ceremony The bride is a well known young lady, who has resided in the city for many years, and the groom a young man formerly of Oakland California The happy pair left on the Columbia Thursday for a three weeks' honeymoon in California, when they return to this city where they intend to reside permanently. A number of friends assembled at the steamer to bid them a bon voyage and a safe return

DURKHEIMER-GOLDSMITH

On Thursday evening at the residence of the bride's parents, No. 405 Third street, Miss Emma Durkheimer and Mr. Julius Goldsmith of Baker City, were joined together in the holy bonds of matrimony. The bride was attended by her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. K. Durkheimer, and the groom by Mr. and Mrs. B. Goldsmith. The Rev. Dr. I. Block performed the ceremony. The couple stood under a large umbrella composed entirely of flowers. The house was profusely decorated with cut flowers and rare exotics. The young couple left the same evening on the Columbia for a bridal tour through California. The bride was dressed in white lace over white ottoman silk, with the customary veil and orange blossoms. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. K Durkheimer, Mr Julius Durkheimer, Miss Sophie Durkheimer, Mr and Mrs. Ludwig Levy, Mr. and Mrs B. Goldsmith, Mr. and Mrs. J Loewenberg, Mrs. A. Goldsmith, Mr. and Mrs. S. Beary, Mr. and Mrs. S. Steinheiser, Mrs. C Ellis, Dr and Mrs. O. M. Dodson of Baker City, Misses Steinheiser, Miss Fleischner, Miss Moore of Baker City, Miss Edith Goldsmith, Miss Carrie Beary, Messrs. August Goldsmith, Bertholdt Goldsmith, Wm. Steinheiser, B. Neustadter, L Stanhauser, A. Oberdorfer, James Goldsmith, Milton Goldsmith, Julius Goldsmith, Melvine Goldsmith, Otto Goldsmith, J. Steinheiser, Sol Oppenheimer

DONATION PARTY

Among the more recent social events was the surprise donation party tendered Mrs. A B Riggs, the retiring president of the Portland W C T U, by a number of her friends. After a few appropriate remarks, Mrs Riggs was presented with a handbag containing $50 Then refreshments were served, and a most sociable evening spent. Among those present were Rev. and Mrs Chandler, Rev. and Mrs Caswell, Rev and Mrs Holt, Mr and Mrs J G Johnson, Mrs Murton, Mrs Holbrook, Mrs Congle, Mrs Dalgleish, Mrs. Dr Owens Adair, Mrs Dr J G Hill, of North Yakima, W T, Dr Hunt Mrs Cooper, the Misses Webb, of Salem and many others

BOATING PARTY

Within a few days a small party of very intimate friends made a pleasant trip to Oregon City. They took a row boat along with them and on the return, when about six miles above the city, they launched their row boat and made the rest of the trip in that manner A most bountiful basket lunch was provided and thoroughly appreciated The party consisted of Mr and Mrs Louis Lamberson, Mr and Mrs J R Swinton, Mr and Mrs J B Thompson, Mrs Holmes and Miss Buell

A PLEASANT AFFAIR

On Tuesday evening Mrs Capt. Richard Williams entertained a few friends in a very delightful manner The occasion was the departure of her guest, Mr Killum, of Alameda, Cal, who left for his home the following morning Among those present were Miss Van Houten, Miss Nellie Woodhead, Miss Rosa Norton, Miss Thompson, Miss Ida Russ, Messrs Van Houten, George Norton, Mr. Killum, Mr. Norton, and Mrs H. M. Clinton.

UP THE RIVER.

On Thursday evening a small party of young people hired a couple of small row boats and rowed up the river quite a distance When landing, they built a large bon fire, by whose light they discussed a very palatable lunch After remaining for some time they started on the return voyage Those making up the party were The Misses Stevenson, Hopkins and Weiss and Messrs. Percy Crane, A Butterfield and C Matz.

MUSICALE.

A company of ladies and gentlemen, chiefly members of the Young People's association of Taylor street church, enjoyed a musicale at the home of the Misses Gibbs, corner of East Park and Taylor streets, Friday night. Those present were Mr and Mrs A. E Clark, Misses Lizzie and Kate Gibbs, Misses Kate Cusick, Mable Kineth, Alice Chance, Ida Staver, Jennie Aram, and Messrs Frank Kinney and Sam Connell

NOTES

Mr and Mrs Geo Herren gave a very delightful drive whist party at their home in Salem on Tuesday evening

Seymour Condon, son of Prof. Condon of the state university and late state librarian, was married Friday evening at Eugene City to Miss May, daughter of B F Dorris

On Wednesday, the 28th inst., Mr Mark E Frank and Miss Drusilla Tobriner were married in San Francisco. The bride is a niece of Mrs. S L. Stone and Mr. S Harris of this city.

Mr J W Scott drove over to the barracks with a few friends Thursday afternoon The party started about 6 o'clock and were in time to see dress parade, and enjoyed a delightful ride back

"I shall either feed men, or clothe them, or carry them," said Ben Holladay when he was a young man He settled upon carrying them and made a fortune. So says the New York *Market Journal*. Ben, however, sadly wasted that fortune

PERSONAL

Mr C C Smith has returned from Clatsop

Miss Lillian Fleischner has gone to Ilwaco

Mr H L Bosch has gone to San Francisco

Rev Dr I Bloch has returned from Yaquina.

Miss Alice Andrews is visiting friends in Victoria

Mrs James Laidlaw will go to the coast this week

The Misses Wallace left for the coast this week

Mrs S R Irwin and family are in camp at Clatsop

Mr W C King leaves for Foley Springs on Monday

Mr Ernest Palmer returned from Clatsop Tuesday.

Messrs Lansing and George Stout are at Skamokawa

Mr N L Ayer has returned from his trip to the Sound

Hon Asahel Bush, the Salem banker, was in the city Friday.

Mrs R Jacobs and family will spend several weeks at Clatsop

Mr A. J Magoon will leave for Yaquina bay during the week.

Dr Harry Lane is at Roseburg He is on a hunting excursion.

Mrs C H Lewis and family left for Clatsop Thursday morning

Mrs Josie Harrington has gone to Ilwaco for a couple of weeks

Mrs N I Curry, of this city, is visiting Mrs. Watrous at Salem

Mr Mark Wizinski returned from Foley Springs last Friday

Mr J. Townsend Valentine and David Lewis are at the Seaside house.

Mrs H. D Green is visiting relatives at Slaterville Springs, New York

Mr George D Hibbard left for San Francisco on the 29th, via Yaquina

Miss Lulu Knight of Salem, is recovering from a very severe illness

[illegible] Sunday [illegible] two weeks visit at Clatsop

Miss Nellie Woodhead has returned from a trip to Tacoma and Seattle

Mr I C Gandon returned home Monday from a visit to Brownsville

Mrs A W Witherell, of Portland, is visiting Mrs Geo A Eden at Salem

Miss Russ of McMinnville, is in Portland visiting her uncle, Mr Ira Russ

Mrs T H Allen, Jr, and family have gone to Roseburg for the summer

Mrs S Plymale, of this city, is visiting relatives and friends in Roseburg

Miss Annie Pierce has gone to San Francisco and the G A R encampment.

Mr A L Palen, of this city, is at Yaquina bay for a two weeks' vacation

Captain D E Buchanan is expected home from Toronto, Canada, Monday

Miss Elsie Hoyt expects to leave soon for California to visit her school friends

Mr I C Jones left Tuesday morning for a three weeks' vacation at Clatsop

Miss Susie Woodward started Tuesday for a brief visit with friends at Roseburg

Mr and Mrs. A S Foster returned from North Beach by the Olympian last Sunday

Mrs E S Edwards returned home Thursday from a three weeks visit at Clatsop

Mrs Fred Smith and daughters, of Portland, are visiting relatives in Brownsville

Mrs William Reid left for Clatsop and a week's sojourn at the coast yesterday.

Mrs Charles Kohn and Miss Gussie Selling have gone to Yaquina for the summer.

Mr Wallace Nash, vice president of the O P R R, was in the city the past week.

Mr William Story, wife and family have returned from a few weeks' visit to Seattle

Mrs. L Silberstein and Mrs. H Abraham and Miss Abraham, of this city, are at Clatsop

Mr R Veresteeg will soon leave for Ilwaco. He expects to be absent about two weeks

Mr Thomas McDermott and wife left for Yaquina bay Saturday, to be gone several weeks.

Mr George W Knox left via Yaquina on the 29th, for a month's travel in Lower California.

Mr Robert C. McEwan departed for Tinkerville yesterday morning for a short resting spell.

Judge George H Williams and wife are at Yaquina, and expect to remain there for the summer.

Mrs A. H. Morgan left for Clatsop Wednesday She was followed by Miss Lena Morgan yesterday.

Miss Nelly St. Martin has just returned from a two weeks' visit to the family of Robert Habersham, Esq.

Miss Ida Church and Miss Lizzie Church, of Salem, left Thursday morning for San Francisco. Miss Lizzie Church goes to attend school at Mills college, Oakland, and Miss Ida will remain with her sister for a couple of months or so.

Miss Bertha Breyman, of East Portland, has gone to visit Miss Nellie Boise on the Boise farm near Dallas.

Miss Carrie Williams will leave next Wednesday for Seattle, where she goes to visit Miss Lulu Yeaton

Major and Mrs. Jones, Miss Mattie Jones and Miss Green will go to Yaquina bay this week, for a few days

Mrs D A. Macrae from Walla Walla, is visiting her parents, Mr and Mrs John Gay, 158 Jefferson street.

Mrs. W. H. Effinger and Miss Effinger returned Monday from a ten days' trip to Victoria and on the Sound.

Messrs J C Flanders, Henderson Beady and Rodney Glisan returned Tuesday from their trip to Mount Hood

Capt Chamberlain and his two daughters of Fort Canby, will visit Mrs J. B Montgomery at Skamokawa this week

Mrs. Beveridge and Miss Dunbar will shortly leave here for a brief visit to the seaside They will go to North Beach

Among the recent arrivals at Skamokawa are Mrs Cunningham and the Misses Eugenia and Josephine Cunningham

Mac and Scott Brooke have returned home from college They came via San Francisco, and arrived Friday night.

Pen Simpson, so long known in Oregon, is keeping a hotel at Selma, Ala, and carrying on a plantation near the city

Rev T L Eliot went to the coast Tuesday for a few days' visit Mrs Eliot and family are at their cottage at Hood River

Mr and Mrs W S Ladd and Mrs Henry Corbett, Jr, and children returned Friday on the Sound train after a trip to Alaska

Mrs John Klosterman, accompanied by her family, has gone to her cottage at Seaview, Long Beach, to spend the summer.

Mrs R I Hawthorne and family, of East Portland, left Wednesday for Long Beach to remain the balance of the summer

Mr L Samuel and his chief editor, H L Wells, went to the Seaside house yesterday morning Their families are there.

Mrs. Emken, wife of Capt. Henry Emken, will leave next Tuesday for Clatsop, where she goes with her family to spend the summer.

Mrs A Blumenthal, of San Francisco, who has been visiting relatives here for some time, will return to her home early in the month.

Mrs. Dudley Evans and family, accompanied by her mother, Mrs J. D Seelye, will go to Yaquina on Monday to sojourn for a month

Mr Lloyd Brooke is recovering from his recent accident very slowly, although he manages to get around a little with help of canes

Superintendent of Streets Frank E. Vaughn returned yesterday from a trip to Ilwaco He reports that there are 1200 campers on the beach.

Miss Jordan, who has been visiting Capt. Burke's family at Vancouver for the past two weeks, will leave for Astoria some time the present week.

Miss Craig, after spending a few weeks with Miss Burns, of Tacoma, is now visiting her sister, Mrs E A Sloat, at Ilwaco, where she will stay the remainder of the summer

George Myers, James Honeyman, Harry Beal and B F Stearns are in camp on the North Beach road They have been there for the past month, and are having a royal good time

Mrs S Hirsch returned on Tuesday from an Eastern trip The health of her father, Mr Jacob Mayer, is much improved. He is spending a season now in the White mountains.

Mrs C. A Arnould's sister arrived from Paris, Friday, with three children. She made the trip from Paris to Portland in the short space of twenty days, and arrived here in excellent health.

Says an Albany paper of Saturday Miss Lizzie Smith and Miss Carrie Coleman, of Portland, who have been visiting in this city, the guests of the Misses Robertson, went to Brownsville yesterday

Miss Helen Leland of New York, a niece of Mrs Gunnan, wife of Thomas Gunnan, Esq, of the Esmond hotel arrived during the week and will hereafter make her home here in Portland with her aunt.

Mrs. Captain James I Gray, of Vancouver, and family, left for San Francisco on Friday night's steamer She will be absent several months, and will be the guest of her mother, Mrs General Howard

Mr J F Rose returned on Wednesday evening from a ten days' sojourn at Yaquina. He reports a delightful time Nothing occurred to mar the pleasure of his stay there except getting left on the return trip

Miss Vent Liberty, who has been in poor health for some time past, left Thursday for her old home in Michigan She will be absent several months, and on her return will stop at Denver and visit friends and relatives there.

Mr J Silverstone, a well known young law yer here returned Saturday morning from a ten days trip to The Dalles and Hood river, whither he went to catch fish and shoot grouse He reports both the fishing and the shooting excellent

Rev T J Clapp, of the First Congregational church, will be the guest of Mr T, e, manager of the Tacoma, Tacoma, W T, an old Eastern acquaintance, during a portion of his vacation While there he will test the trout streams of the vicinity

Mr James Booth and wife, from Los Angeles, Cal, passed through this place en route to Roslin, Washington territory Mr Booth is one of the firm of Rogers, Booth & Co, real estate agents, and is the superintendent of the Los Angeles Safe Deposit company

Mr Arthur Wilson returned from Yaquina Thursday He and Mr John Crane have been having a jolly time. Among other excursions was one by horseback to the Indian reservation, and many and varied were their adventures, a thrilling crossing, in swimming water of a swift mountain stream, being one of the many

Mr. Erastus Brooks and wife, of New York, were in the city yesterday The brothers Brooks, James and Erastus, founded the New York *Express*, conducted it more than forty years, and gained fame in journalism and politics They sold the paper some years ago, and it was continued with the New York *Evening Mail*. Mr Brooks is an uncle of Rev T L Eliot, with whom he will spend several days at Hood river

Rev Henry M Storrs, D D, former secretary of the American Home Missionary society, is at the Esmond, where he will remain over Sunday He is accompanied by his son and daughter and a young lady friend Miss La Salle. Dr Storrs, in company with Dr Atkinson, made a tour of the city yesterday after noon and were very much pleased with Portland Dr Storrs and party will go to Victoria and then East next Thursday, visiting the Yellowstone park while en route home to New Jersey His son, a professor in a law college in Tokio, came from Japan to San Francisco to see Dr Storrs and will soon leave for his home

PYTHIAN NEWS NOTES

Uniform division matters have been quiet for two weeks past The supreme representatives are expected to bring an answer to the application of Willamette division, No 2.

City lodges are doing but little work at present. Castle is to pay Phalanx a fraternal visit on Tuesday evening

Hon. Howard Douglass, the new supreme chancellor, resides in Cincinnati. He is president of the Cincinnati board of education, is very popular in the city, is eminent as a lawyer, and belongs to the democratic party He is familiarly known as the "Little Giant of Ohio," weighing but 110 pounds. As a Pythian and Masonic worker he is enthusiastic Supreme Prelate King was re-elected He served three terms as grand chancellor of the Ontario jurisdiction

A grand lodge was instituted in New Brunswick July 1

Supreme Chancellor Van Valkenberg, in his report to the Supreme Lodge, reports forty-five grand jurisdictions, and 2152 subordinate lodges with a total membership of 170,000

The Supreme Lodge at its late session defeated the proposition of having a ladies degree

The Supreme Lodge at its late session elected the following officers Howard Douglass of Cincinnati, supreme chancellor, John S King, of Ontario, supreme prelate, R L Cowan, supreme keeper of records and seal, John B Stumph, supreme master of exchequer, Halvor Nelson, supreme secretary endowment rank

Maj Gen Carnahan, in his report to the Supreme Lodge, reports the organization of 139 divisions in the last two years, and a total membership of 13,600 in the Uniform rank.

MONTANA.

Henry Lane who murdered James Sullivan in a saloon at Big Hole has been captured at Lewiston, Idaho.

Butte special Physicians who embalmed the body of Henderson, shot here on the 23d by Moore, discovered that his heart was literally torn to pieces by the buck-shot. Notwithstanding this he walked about twenty-five feet after being shot Henderson and Moore were partners in Nevada, the former swindling the latter to a considerable extent. Moore followed Henderson to Montana and when the latter would not disgorge, killed him

Remember that Hood's Sarsaparilla is a peculiar medicine, entirely different from any other.

AMUSEMENTS.

Both the Houses Closed During the Week Just Past.

Next Week the Season to Open—Jeffreys Lewis—Portland to Have a Stock Company—Notes

Manager Howe must have done a good deal of "rustling" while in San Francisco, the fruits of which already begin to show up. On the last steamer a company of ten people came up. These people who are all good actors and capable of producing anything will form a stock company which will be seen for the eight weeks following August 9 at the New Market. Manager Howe will secure stars as many as he can, beginning with Jeffreys Lewis, who will appear for one week, opening in her new San Francisco success "Clothilde," and she will also give "Forget Me-Not." She will be followed by E J Buckley in "My Partner" and Frank Mordaunt in "Old Shipmates," and as fast as arrangements can be made, other good people On off weeks the stock company will produce melodramas and good old comedies as "Uncle Dick's Darling," "Dutch and Toodles," "Papa Jones" and any of those rich old favorites, which are never too old to be good cards, of Robertson's comedies, such as "Friends," "Caste," "Our Boys," "School," "Ours" and a number of others with which these people are all familiar, and capable of doing first-class work in There can be but little doubt but what Portland will support such good legitimate plays, if well produced, and certainly the names of the people are a fair guarantee that they will be At the head of the company are Harry Marshall, who will be remembered very favorably as supporting Jeffreys Lewis when she was last here, and L M Page, the comedian, who is an English actor of the old school He has just returned from Australia, where he has been traveling with Emily Melville Mr Chappelle of "Romany Rye" reputation, will, together with Mr. Marshall, do the leading male business Mr Cooper, of the McKee-Rankin company, and H Leroyle will make up the full number of male actors The ladies are, Esther Williams, leading lady, Lizzie Richardson soubrette, Mrs. Chappelle, Miss Burlingame, also of the Melville company, and Laura Virgil They are all good people, and with one or two exceptions will present new faces to Portland audiences They are clever, versatile people, capable of doing any of the pieces they purpose giving The ladies are all good looking and of charming manners, and, together with the male portion of the company, who, if they can act as well as they appear, will furnish a very enjoyable season of first-class legitimate amusement. Portland now has an opportunity to prove to all outsiders that she can and will patronize first-class talent. She has effectually squelched the "Paintin'-er Red" style of barn stormers, and during the Lewis engagement it will be an easy matter to decide as to the merits of this company, and, if they are what they now appear to be, there can be no excuse for not supporting them, for the class of plays promised are unexceptionable In San Francisco, Miss Lewis drew full houses to the Alcazar against such a strong card as Modjeska with a new piece at the California. "Clothilde" is very highly spoken of but Portland knows what Miss Lewis is, and nothing need be said of her for she will without doubt draw well

DRAMATIC NOTES

George W Monroe and John Rice, the comedians of George S Knight's "Over the Garden Wall" company, will take the road next season in a new comedy by Scott Marble, entitled "My Aunt Bridget."

Miss Irene Verona, who has been playing Gabriel in "Evangeline," has retired from the company (now playing at Hooley's, Chicago) by the advice of her doctor, who orders her rest before the coming season

Mr Rudolph Aronson is just in receipt of the MSS of Messrs Paulton & J Labowski's latest operetta, which will be presented at the Comedy theater, London, early in September and at the New York Casino during the summer season

"Soldiers and Sweethearts" will, in August, succeed "Humbug" at the Bijou opera, New York, and will hold the stage until Nat Goodwin, now in Europe, returns with the burlesque of "Jack Sheppard," which is to be mounted for an extensive run.

Nat Goodwin is at Nuremburg, Bavaria on his way to the Carlsbad springs Nat says the only difference between the ancient gentleman who built the castles on the Rhine and the successful men about New York is that the former go broke building them and the latter by going out to see 'em

The youngsters are coming forward T F Mackay's son plays in Louis James's company next season J B Booth's son in Boucicault's Frank Mayo's son succeeds his father as Davy Crockett Bret Harte's son appears with Lawrence Barrett, while young Jefferson will help to manage his own father

The one hundredth performance of "Prince Karl," was given at the Madison Square theater on the 30th ult and was marked by the distribution of handsome souvenirs in the form of a solid silver finger ring bearing the name "Prince Karl" in raised letters upon the surface. At the matinee on the following day, souvenirs of the same character were distributed among the ladies in the audience.

During next season Lewis Morrison and Celia Alsburg will give Irving's present Lyceum theater success "Faust and Marguerite" its first production in America They will also do the Adelaide Neilson version of "Amy Robsart," "Cymbeline" and "Measure for Measure" Elegant costumes and fine scenery will be provided Already thirty-five weeks have been filled The season begins September 1, at Providence, R. I., and all the principal cities will be visited Edward J. Abrams is managing the attraction.

Mr Irving has slightly altered the route of his American holiday It was the original intention to visit Colorado and the Yosemite valley, but subsequent engagements caused a change of plan. He will sail, says the London *Figaro* from Southampton in the Fulda August , and should arrive on the 9th He will leave New York on the 12th for a two weeks' cruise eastward, returning in time to open his season in London about September 13 It is expected that Mr Joseph Hatton and another friend will come with him Miss Ellen Terry and her daughter will cross in the same steamer, and will visit Newport and other Eastern summer resorts

"Ernesse," a society drama written by a Mr Bronson, a Portland young man, will be produced Saturday night at the New Market theater, with the following local cast

Allen Desmond an English officer	J H Bronson
Hugh Kenton an adventurer	Benjamin H Dorcy
Lord Desmond Allen's father	Edgar M Keller
Robert Newton a comrade of Allen's	Charles J R[illegible]dge
Joe Crane a tramp but still a man	C J Trice
T H Lungs a lawyer sir	Richard J Waite
Larry—"I'm wid ye boys"	John T Calhoun
Ernesse tried and true	Marie Louise Byron
Eva Desmond Allen's sister	Miss Clara Belford
Lady Desmond Allen's mother	Miss Nellie DeMar
Nellie, and she a stunner	Miss Emily Hanscomb

Mr. and Mrs. Wm Florence will produce in Toronto on August 31 a new play written for them by George Fawcett Rowe and R. B Valentine It is farcical in character, and though completed, is not yet named Since their success in "The Mighty Dollar" in 1875, the Florences have been much in need of a successor to Mr. Woolf's popular comedy His second attempt to suit them, "A Mulliner," fell short of expectations, and Wm Gill's "Our Governor" met with only qualified favor. Mr Florence, who is one of the best of American actors, has been compelled to fall back of late on his old repertoire of "The Ticket of Leave," "The Mighty Dollar" and "Dombey and Son." After much patient searching he came across the new play by Rowe and Valentine, and entertains, as does Mrs Florence, high hopes of its success. The tour of these popular artists extends to San Francisco, where they have not played for some time.

A Case Not Beyond Help.

Dr M H Hinsdale Kewanee Ill, advises us of a remarkable cure of Consumption He says A neighbor's wife was attacked with violent lung disease, and pronounced beyond help from Quick Consumption As a last resort the family was persuaded to try DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. To the astonishment of all by the time she had used one half dozen bottles she was about the house doing her own work

TO CLATSOP BEACH

Now that the full tide of fashionable summer travel to the seaside has set in, the R R Thompson will run through to Clatsop landing on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, making immediate connection with stages for Grimes and the Seaside house. This is in addition to the present connection made on the Olympian days.

WANTED—HELP.

WANTED—FIRST CLASS BLACKSMITH AND horse-shoer Call at cor Fifth and G sts, East Portland 30jy3

WANTED—THREE GOOD TINNERS AND two roofers Apply to GOLDSMITH & LOEWENBURG, 84 and 86 Front st 30jy6

WANTED 20 GOOD STONE MASONS STEADY employment for four months Apply at the new state prison Walla Walla W T 28jy14

WOMAN WANTED—A WOMAN WHO CAN cook and do general work for a small family can have a permanent and desirable situation in North Yakima Washington Territory Address L S HOWLETT, North Yakima W T

WANTED—A BLACKSMITH TO RUN A SHOP in a country town plenty of work at good prices, will rent house and shop with tool for $10 per year. Call on FRAME & ALLEN 131 First st rooms 10 and 11 30jy8

WANTED—LADIES TO WORK FOR ME AT home or to travel something entirely new for ladies only Steadily easily made no photos, no painting particulars free MADAM C N LITTLE Box 17 Chicago Ill

WANTED—IMMEDIATELY, A LARGE FORCE of laborers in the east end of the Cascade line We will give immediate employment to 2000 men Sub contractors station men and choppers also wanted Wages for laborers $ per day team $ per day Apply to HALE SMITH & BURNS [illegible] W T

WANTED—MISCELLANEOUS.

WANTED—200 CORDS FIRST CLASS HEMlock bark Apply to HERBERT BRADLEY & CO 109 Front st Portland Or

WANTED—A FURNISHED COTTAGE OF [illegible] Address [illegible]

WANTED—A TENANT FOR A NEW BRICK 40-room hotel in Vancouver Apply to ROBERT WOLF Vancouver W T 16mtf

INFORMATION WANTED—ABOUT ANER AS [illegible] Address O G ANDERSEN, Port Townsend, W T

WANTED—NEW COTTAGE OF 6 ROOMS 5 MINutes walk from postoffice either rent or lease for a term of years. Address E care of Oregonian

WANTED—AGENTS.

COUNTRY AGENTS WANTED—WE WANT AN agent to represent us in selling and collecting in each county Where we have no agent at work in Oregon Washington Territory and Idaho permanent and profitable employment the right man For terms apply to THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO Portland Or

WANTED—AGENTS TO SELL MINING SPEcialties Big money in commission or salary Address Harris Smelting Co Box 16 Newport Ky

WANTED—EMPLOYMENT.

WANTED—SITUATION AS SALESWOMAN IN dry goods or millinery store can give best references Apply to or address MISS DAVENPORT St Charles Hotel

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FOR SALE—AN OLD ESTABLISHED SALOON doing a first class cash business stock at option Address HOWORTH & JOHNS, Astoria Or

FOR SALE—A SLAUGHTER HOUSE ON MAcadam road and a butcher shop doing a good business owner desires to leave town Address A C care Oregonian 21jytf

WISHING TO QUIT BUSINESS WE OFFER for sale the Holton House Restaurant at a great sacrifice Inquire of M & MME DROUILHAT bet 10 and 12 A M and 1 and 2 P M 29jytf

FOR SALE—DWELLING STORE FIXTURES and millinery stock or a whole or half interest in the fixtures and millinery stock only of a well established business at Astoria Or For further particulars address MRS A MALCOM Astoria Or

STOCK AND FIXTURES OF A LIVERY STABLE for sale and stable for rent central location and doing a good business JOHN M CRESS 134 First st.

AN OPPORTUNITY TO ESTABLISH A NEW and profitable manufacturing business in any agricultural town in the Northwest with a machine for making Combination Fence wire and pickets—superceding all other fences in the East cheaper than boards more durable than wire and better than either Address H B REED Holton House Portland Would take a partner in a general agency

FOR SALE—THE BUSINESS AND FIXTURES of the Central Hotel Tacoma W T house is new, contains sixty well furnished rooms well located and doing a good business. Call on or address GEO M KUHN Prop'r Tacoma W T

FOR SALE—A FAMILY LIQUOR STORE GOOD location cheap rent clean stock on account of removal Address Liquor care Oregonian

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BAKERY FOR SALE—DOING A GOOD BUSIness worth investigation For further information apply to BERNHEIM & MANNER 6 Front st

COUNTRY STORE FOR SALE DOING A CASH business 11 miles from Portland on West side R R telegraph railroad express and postoffice in same building Apply to A J Hamilton Beaverton Or

SPECIAL NOTICES.

JOSEPH UNGER STONECUTTER—PLEASE call at Seventh st

A NO 1 STORAGE AT VERY LOW RATES Apply to F BICKELL SW cor C and Front sts.

NOTICE—HAVING RETIRED FROM MY place of business 201 First st notice is hereby given that all claims against or due me should be presented to me at 70 Sheridan st within 30 days from this notice L. JACOBS

MOVING AND RAISING HOUSES BARNS and other buildings long experience in the East. For estimates address Samuel Chapman room 11 I O O F Building (formerly New Cumberland W Va)

CAPT J W SHAVER OF STR MANZANILLO has this day purchased the interest of Chas Bureau in the People's Freighting Company Portland Or, July 1 CHAS BUREAU

PARTIES DESIRING TO CHARTER THE large and commodious barge Cascadia should apply to M G MORGAN Central Dock P O box 890

PARTIES DESIRING THE BEAUTIFUL LIT tle yacht Bellwood for a pleasure party should call on or address M G MORGAN Central Dock P O Box 890

JOHN THOMPSON & CO HAVE BEEN APpointed Agents for the purchase of Rag Stock for the Columbia River Paper Company and are prepared to purchase for cash Rags Burlaps Manila Rope and all other kinds of Paper Stock. Old Iron and Metal of all kinds. 45 and 47 F st. Portland Or

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FOR SALE ONE LOT IN BEST PART OF Couch Addition title perfect RICHARD H THORNTON 31 Morris Block

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The Oregonian.

PORTLAND SUNDAY, AUGUST 1, 1886

Congress is about to adjourn. We can tell what it has done. What has it been sitting for?

Portland wants no water supplied through reservoirs. That is the judgment of all who have considered the subject.

From all parts of Oregon and Washington territory the complaint comes that "reform" has pretty nearly wrecked a postal service that formerly was very good.

A director doesn't always direct. The bold attempt of Mr Tilden to direct the policy of the administration in the matter of coast defense has turned out a dismal failure.

We shall probably get no appropriations for our rivers and harbors. Refusal of the house to agree to the report of the conference committee will probably cause defeat of the bill.

The anti-oleomargarine bill has been sent to the president. As governor of New York he signed two such bills, which the highest court in that state declared unconstitutional.

It is said that when Holmes and Tennyson met they both shed tears. The Lowell *Courier* suggests that "Tennyson probably wept because he can't write good poetry any more, and Holmes wept for sympathy."

THE OREGONIAN will be extremely glad if a rival telegraph company will construct another system of lines covering the Northwest and connecting with the East. In that case THE OREGONIAN will get its telegraphic reports for less money than it pays now.

The appointment of Messrs. Dolph and Teller as two members of the three on the part of the senate for the committee of conference on the forfeiture of the Northern Pacific railroad grant, simply signalizes a farce. Dolph and Teller may be expected to uphold the Northern Pacific on every point.

Of the government bonds subject to call there remain about $140,000,000 of 3 per cents. Then $250,000,000 of 4½ per cents will be redeemable at the pleasure of the government on and after the first of September, 1891. The 4 per cents will be redeemable on and after July 1, 1907.

The late President Chadbourne, of Amherst college, once said: "Education does not consist in mastering languages, but is found in that moral training which extends beyond the school room to the play ground and the street, and which teaches that a meaner thing can be done than to fail in a recitation."

An eminent English physician once said "that the system now in vogue of forcing a vast amount of all kinds of knowledge into the mind of the average child at school is one of the potent causes of mental disease later in life. The mind is overstrained in the effort to master things to the study of which it has no inclination. Our curriculum is made to cover too wide a compass. There is too much striving for universality in our school education."

The board of trade of Portland ought to take notice of the misrepresentations of Portland by one of the vice presidents of the Northern Pacific railroad. It ought to address to the directors a memorial setting forth those misrepresentations and requesting them, in behalf of the company, to disavow their vice-president's unfair and unfriendly utterances. If the Northern Pacific expects or desires to do business with Portland these attacks upon Portland ought to be discontinued.

Fielden, one of the Chicago anarchists on trial for murder, said in a speech at a meeting of kindred spirits not long ago: "We don't object to, but we don't believe in, the eight-hour movement. Whether a man works eight hours a day or ten hours a day, he is still a slave. We propose to abolish slavery altogether." The Chicago anarchist and dynamiter is away behind the progress of the age. Our "agitators" here long ago "abolished slavery altogether." Not one of them has done a day's work, time out of mind.

Gen. Logan is now in San Francisco. He may come to Oregon. Should he do so, THE OREGONIAN would gently whisper to him that he was wrong in the view he took of the Payne case. He argued, substantially, that if votes are bought in the caucus that nominates a senator, as the men were bribed when not acting in their legislative capacity, their action cannot be inquired into by the senate, and that if the man who is elected does not himself buy the votes that elected him, though they were bought by his friends and supporters, his right to a seat can not be questioned. Gen. Logan can maintain neither of these propositions before the country. Both are monstrous.

J J Catlin, yardmaster in Jersey City for the Pennsylvania railroad, recently lost his life at South Elizabeth trying to save a poor woman who stood in the way of a rapid express train. The brave man seized her in his arms and, while dragging her from the track, was struck by the engine, the woman killed and [illegible] mortally hurt. This man was a perfect hero [illegible] a nobler [illegible] fought fiercely at the front [illegible] and fell where he fought [illegible] the wild [illegible] leap before the [illegible] cannon. The same [illegible] Crampton [illegible] in drowning [illegible]

The Morrison resolution [illegible] ate, is amended [illegible] Most of the [illegible] broken [illegible] several years ago [illegible] no easy to understand why [illegible] bought these dollars [illegible] a market created for them by congress, when they can practically sell them to the government for 100 cents in standard legal tender dollars. The people are not benefited at all by this amendment, which only serves the broker in silver and puts more silver dollars in circulation.

"A good old age" is sometimes a misleading term. People do not always die early because they wear out with envy and feverish ambition, or wilt under the fierce heat of dissipation any more than they die late always because they have been better and wiser than their fellows. Mrs. Browning died early but she was the very "plant and flower of light." So was Helen Hunt Jackson while Lord Brougham lived to be 90, although he was a dissolute, self indulgent, passionate animal all his days. Horace Walpole and Carlyle, both rather mean, disagreeable men lived to be very old, while Keats died young. There is a kind of intense, personal selfishness that takes excellent personal care of itself at the expense of others, and in utter contempt of their comfort, and we suppose this explains the longevity of Brougham, Walpole and Carlyle, rather than any moral content and benignity of soul such as possessed old Peter Cooper to the last.

The army appropriation bill reduces the mileage allowance of officers from 8 cents to 4 cents. This reduction is very small business, when we remember that congressmen are allowed 20 cents per mile, a rate fixed when it was necessary to use boats and stage coaches. A congressman can travel more cheaply than an army officer in many cases. For a trip from Washington to New York city the congressman is allowed $46, while the army officer, under the provisions of the new bill, is allowed only $15.70. For the expenses of a trip from Chicago to Washington the congressman receives $170. That heroic economist, Holman, of Indiana, would talk less like a demagogue if, when he reduced the army officers' mileage, he had reduced his own, which, if he travels on a pass, as most congressmen do, is extravagant, compared with that of the army officer.

PLANTING AND CARE OF SHADE TREES.

We owe it to the good taste and good sense of the first residents of Portland that most of our streets are lined with ornamental trees. These trees, many of them now wide-spreading and almost venerable, form the chief beauty of Portland, and during the summer months add greatly to the comfort of life by their grateful shade. They sweeten and freshen the air the year through. Indeed they are a joy forever. Their existence is due, not so much to individual taste and enterprise as to a general regulation compelling property holders to plant them, as a part of the street improvement directed by the city government. It was found that if left to the discretion of property holders, tree planting was often neglected. The ordinance requiring the planting of certain kinds of trees is, we believe, still a law of the city, but it has fallen sadly into neglect of late. In the newer parts of the city there seems no effort to enforce it. Additions have been laid out, north, south, and west, but in many of the street extensions there are no trees. Is this due to carelessness in street superintendence? If so, there should be an awaking. The council, in extending the streets, ought specifically to command the planting of trees as a feature of the improvement and the superintendent ought to see the directions carried out. The cost to each lot holder is next to nothing and the advantage in the aggregate to the public comfort and health, leaving the ornamental feature out of the account, is beyond computation. Proper care is not taken to preserve the trees already grown. They are very commonly used as hitching posts, and street repairers in their work often take no care to leave roots undisturbed. The regulations governing these matters ought to be enforced and there should be a new regulation requiring the substitution of a new tree wherever an old one dies.

GRANT, BUTLER AND OTHERS

On the death of U. S. Senator Foot in 1866 his private papers were sold, and among them was found a letter from Gen Wm. F Smith, written to Foot when Smith commanded the Eighteenth army corps in June, 1864, before Petersburg. In this letter Smith told Foot that he attributed Grant's failure to relieve Butler and make Smith commander of the army of the James to the fact that Butler once saw Grant drink two glasses of whisky in Smith's tent, and that Grant feared Butler would use his knowledge to injure him in the confidence of Lincoln and the nation. Grant promptly relieved Butler after his Fort Fisher failure, so fear of Butler's talking about him was not the reason for his previous retention of him in command. This letter of Smith's was afterward shown to Grant by Gen Horace Porter, of his old army staff. Grant quietly said: "Smith was a very able soldier; he and Butler could not get along together, the government would not at that time allow me to relieve Butler, so I had no alternative but to relieve Smith, who neutralized his fine military talents by "a rule or ruin" temper, which made him a dangerous subordinate; he was a constitutional sorehead and obstructionist under Butler, and after remonstrating with him in vain I was reluctantly obliged to relieve him, since the chronic quarreling between him and Butler made the army of the James as useless as a balky team."

Grant once said in the presence of Gen Meigs, just before the battle of Chattanooga, that he only used strategy to get his men as near the enemy as possible before he struck; that beyond that he made no claim to strategy, it was then what Wellington described Waterloo to be "a mere pounding match." When citizens of Boston shortly after the war were about to make a gift of a library to Grant, Congressman Hooper undertook to find out what military books he possessed, that duplicates might be avoided, and discovered that Grant was not the owner of any military work whatever.

Among the pathetic things of Grant's last days were his resolute efforts to finish his book, not so much that he cared to write a record of his fame as he was anxious to recruit the broken fortunes of his family. It recalls the great novelist Scott, sick and broken, toiling like a hero to pay off his debts, and finally dying of softening of the brain after wiping out $550,000 of his burden.

LABOUCHERE.

Labouchere, the brilliant English radical, editor of *Truth* and member of parliament from Northampton, is a man of remarkable intellectual power and progressive political views. He is of Huguenot descent, for he belongs to a French Protestant family that came over to England after the revocation of the edict of Nantes by Louis the Fourteenth. An ardent democrat he is a member of an aristocratic family, his uncle, Lord Taunton, was a prominent liberal leader some thirty or forty years ago. His active career in parliament dates from 1880. He took the lead in the movement against the house of lords, and about four months ago very nearly succeeded in getting the commons to assent to the abolition of hereditary legislators. His speech on that occasion was a merciless satire of "the snobs who worship the aristocracy and who will eat any quantity of dirt for sake of a title, a ribbon or the recognition of a prince." He is a republican, and would let down the monarchy gently by lowering the royal stipend and refusing all grants and dowries. He is for abolishing the house of lords and for government through a single chamber. He is for home rule, not only for Ireland, but also for the other parts of the United Kingdom if they want it. He is against imperial federation, which, with John Morley, he regards as an impracticable dream. He is for disestablishment of the church and for free schools, and favors a progressive income tax ranging up to 10 per cent on incomes not employed in any productive industry, and is theoretically for land nationalization, though he severely criticised Henry George's views on this subject in 1884. In his early career he was a successful speculator on the stock exchange, a "society man" and enjoyed the friendship of the prince of Wales and other leaders of fashion and society. His journal, *Truth*, has an immense circulation, brings him a very large income, and is rated the most readable paper in England. He writes a great deal for his paper and for the *Fortnightly Review*. His political creed is rapidly becoming the political creed of the masses of the English people. He is entirely independent of party control and snaps his fingers contemptuously at any attempt at caucus control. He is a brilliant free lance that generally fights with Gladstone, but is not one of his trusted retainers, because he goes as he pleases without consulting with or deferring to "the grand old man."

THE EXTRADITION TREATY

The new extradition treaty with England which was signed in London June 25 and is now before the senate committee on the judiciary adds but four crimes to the extraditable offenses named in the treaty of 1842, viz., manslaughter, burglary, embezzlement and "malicious injuries to property whereby the life of any person shall be endangered, if such injuries constitute a crime according to the law of both countries." This last will include dynamite outrages, the crime especially designed to be covered by the new compact. The treaty is not retroactive, so that it will apply only to future outrages, and it further provides that a criminal cannot be tried for any other offense than the one for which extradition was requested until he has had an opportunity to return to the country by which he was surrendered.

The treaty, while a welcome enlargement of the treaty of 1842, which covered but seven offenses, viz., murder, assault with intent to murder, piracy, arson, robbery, forgery and the utterance of forged paper, is yet very incomplete, as it omits such common crimes as counterfeiting, kidnapping, rape, bigamy, bribery, receiving stolen goods, etc., etc.

THE ANTI-SALOON MOVEMENT.

A national anti-saloon republican conference will meet at Chicago September 16. Each state is to elect four times as many delegates and alternates as it has senators and representatives in congress, and territories may send as many as they would be entitled to if they were states. Albert Griffin, of Kansas, an earnest and sincere temperance man, is the original author of this movement. He argues that the democratic party has become the protector of the saloon interests, and that the republican party ought, in harmony with its previous action as the only party that ever has executed any legislation in restraint of the liquor traffic, to become the anti-saloon party. In his call Mr Griffin says:

> In the opinion of those who called this national conference the party should not be asked to commit itself nationally to or against any specific law, but should announce as its settled policy that it will everywhere strive to reduce the business of dram selling,—and the evils resulting from it—as much as possible, each state to decide for itself from time to time what laws are best adapted to secure the end in view, and that whenever the people express a desire to vote on prohibitory amendments they should be given an opportunity. But whatever is done must be done honestly and with such emphasis that the men engaged in the liquor business will recognize this party as their enemy and leave its ranks. Nothing short of that will satisfy the temperance forces and that line of policy need not and if properly managed will not alienate the mass of drinking men—almost all of whom admit that the saloon is a deadly enemy to good order and every human interest.

More than one-half of the republican members of the senate and a large number of representatives have declared themselves in favor of this policy. The movement has already been endorsed by the republican state conventions of Vermont and Maine, two states that have had ironclad prohibition laws on their statute books for more than thirty years. In these states the state committees are to select the delegates to the national conference. In New Jersey and Massachusetts state conferences have been held, and delegations are already assured from Kansas, Michigan, Illinois, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Vermont, Maine, New Hampshire and Rhode Island. At the Indiana republican state convention last week it was resolved:

> That the utterance of the last democratic state convention plainly shows that the democratic politicians of Indiana are under the complete control of the liquor league in this state and that in order to destroy the power of the liquor league in Indiana it is the first duty of all temperance men in the state to combine and defeat the democratic party at the next election.

At the Massachusetts conference, which was attended by Ex-Gov Rice, Gen John L. Swift, State Senator Morse, Ex Congressman Bishop and President Capen of Tufts college, the following resolution was adopted:

> That in our judgment the party should declare itself anew in uncompromising antagonism to the saloon; that such legislation should be enacted as may be best adapted to restrict the liquor traffic within the narrowest possible limits and that alike in framing and enforcing of laws bearing upon this question the end in view should be the protection of the community from the evils which flow from the sale of intoxicating liquors.

Gen Swift in support of this resolution said:

> The infallible plan for the extinction of the saloon has not been discovered yet and we are not here to claim that we have found it in this movement of the day. We have discovered, though, that we are confronted with the fact that there has got to be an everlasting divorce between the republican party and the rum interest. We wish it to be known that we understand the question from beginning to end and that there is no fear that this is an ill advised move. Is it right that this great party of ours, this great power in the country to elevate the nation, for fear of losing a few votes shall refuse to take proper steps?

The New York *Evening Post*, the New York *Tribune* and the New York *Mail* all endorse the anti saloon movement. The *Tribune* says:

> In fact the analysis of the new movement shows that it is one to obtain what the prohibitionists want but in a common sense practical way which promises far better results than the third party men can ever reach. As the prohibitionists carried their point by committing the conference in favor of a constitutional amendment intended to completely stop the drink traffic it is not exactly clear what the *Tribune* means by the above statement.

The New York *Evening Post* points out that the organized liquor saloons of the great metropolis were the source of the sovereignty of the three bosses—Wood, Tweed and Kelly. It stigmatizes Tammany Hall as an association of liquor dealers, and concludes as follows:

> The saloonkeepers are the captains of tens and captains of fifties who raise the boss to power and through whom he issues his orders and executes those contracts with rival powers known as big deals. As long as their numbers and power are unrestricted they will continue to raise to the municipal purple a series of petty despots like Kelly, who will lord it over the taxpayers.

In New York state the organized association of liquor dealers slaughtered, a few years ago, Judge Maynard, the democratic candidate for secretary of state, solely because of his temperance principles. This association has millions of dollars at its command. These are the facts. The question is whether this advance of position on the temperance question will greatly help the republican party at the polls. Probably it will not immediately. It is likely it may hurt it in some sections, but in the long run it will help it, because it will put an end in New York to any further coquetting with the liquor dealers, such as was practiced by Sheridan Shook, a rum republican, who secured the passage of a liquor bill that was a scandal to the legislature. It is urged that the republican party, by formally cutting loose from the saloon interest, will stand between the free rum democracy and the uncompromising prohibitionists, just as it stood before the war between the pro-slavery democracy and the abolitionists. Prohibition exists in but six states after more than thirty five years of agitation. It does not exist in some states to-day where it once existed, and in several states where it exists its results are most unsatisfactory. The *Voice on Record* recently published the answer of a Congregational clergyman living in a Maine town of about 5000 inhabitants, to the question, "Does prohibition prohibit?" He said that "there are on one street, within one minute's walk of each other and as near the station, three grogshops and I suspect four others, two hotels, and four drug stores where liquor is sold by the glass;" that "it is no unusual thing to see men staggering drunk on the street, and the public debauch in the sale of liquor is increased." The New York *Christian Advocate* last week contained the following answer to the same question from a Methodist clergyman living in Dover, N H, who on removing from a Maine town in Massachusetts had comforted himself with the expectation of a very different environment, "because New Hampshire has a prohibitory law, a model of legal and stringent enactments."

> Does prohibitory legislation stop the sale of liquor? Such a question would provoke a smile in any city or large town in New Hampshire. All kinds of liquors are sold without restraint or fear. Saloons with public bars are upon the main streets of the cities and large towns and in great numbers. The law exercises no constraint upon the saloon except a deed of violence under the influence of liquor shocks the community into aroused action. Then the law is brought into use, a few men are arrested for the illegal sale, fined a nominal sum, which is usually paid promptly and the business of selling goes on as before. The condition of temperance sentiment as related to the prohibitory law may be inferred somewhat from the fact that in one of our most staid and reputable cities a wholesale brewer with a large manufactory in the limits of the city was elected and now serves as mayor.

The same situation exists in Vermont, where the drug stores universally violate the law, where as many United States licenses are taken out as retail liquor dealers as in Massachusetts, where the largest, wealthiest, most intelligent county in that state (Rutland) has for four years past elected a rum sellers county commissioner for the appointment of town liquor agents. The republican party, while it fairly questions the legal means, is in full sympathy with the moral end in view of the prohibitionists. At the last session of the New York legislature the amendment to the constitution to prohibit the manufacture or sale of intoxicants was defeated, the vote standing 53 yeas to 63 nays. Not a democrat voted for the amendment, while all but eighteen of the republicans voted for it. All the help the prohibitionists had came from the republicans. The republican party will not attract the prohibitionists back immediately to their ranks, but prohibition pure and simple is dropping buckets into empty wells and fetching nothing up." If either political party in Massachusetts should put a prohibition plank in its platform they would be beaten at the polls, for thousands of intelligent men who are total abstainers do not believe that practically prohibition makes for law, order and temperance.

WORSHIP OF "CULTURE."

Gen B H Bristow, who arrived yesterday en route for San Francisco, is in the first rank of American lawyers, a man at once of very quick perceptions and solid strength of understanding, as stalwart in mind as he is in body. The presence of Bristow recalls the days when he fell into the hands of the Philistines of Boston's Mutual Admiration society, which is composed chiefly of the children of sires who all worshipped Webster as a demigod, and taught their children the contemptible unmanly spectacle of gross adulation of men, rather than the noble worship of lofty ideas. We all remember the story of the conceited card player who carelessly remarked across the table, "Partner, you play a magnificent game of whist; what sort of a game do I play?" That is the key note of a Boston public banquet, whether literary or political. From the Harvard annual alumni dinners down to the party clubs you hear the same heavy croak of personal adulation and mutual admiration, and when two of these sons of Webster worshipping sires, full of Latin and English, have thoroughly powdered each other's heads with praise the only anxiety seems to be to display scholarship, and culture in the classics, even at a loss of that self respect, without which the most accurate and varied culture is but a discrowned and dishonored royalty.

It was into the hands of this Mutual Admiration society, whose fathers Wendell Phillips used to denounce as never weary of trying to gild a crime against human nature with a Greek anecdote, that Gen Bristow, a plain man, of sturdy common sense, fell some years ago when Boston organized a banquet in his honor. The late Mr Edward Everett was particularly able as an eloquent boot lick, and his son, Mr William Everett, at this Bristow banquet, dispelled by his own performance any possible doubt that he was the full son of his father. Mr Richard H Dana preceded Mr Everett, and with that unconscious egotism, which in Boston passes for self respect, explained that he had first learned to appreciate the ability and moral worth of Gen Bristow when that gentleman had with the candor of a chivalric nature, confessed that the legal argument of his adversary, Dana, had quite vanquished him. This touching tribute to the fine moral perceptions and manly frankness of the gallant Bristow was, of course, sufficient to capture a Boston Brahmin. Mr Bristow had first appreciated Mr Dana, and out of gratitude it was Brahminical Boston's business to honor Mr Bristow, who bore upon his back the old military endorsement, "Approved and respectfully forwarded, Richard H Dana." Nothing more sonorous, in shape of majestic mutual admiration of eloquence can be found outside of Pickwick Papers, when the orator, awarding praise with equal hand to the rival cricket clubs, exclaims: "If I could not be Luffey I would be Dumkins. If I could not be Struggles I would be Podder." It was at this moment when the Dana had patronizingly explained to his friends how he, a Boston man, had consented to love an alien, which is Bostonese for any body born or bred outside of New England, that Mr William Everett rose and announced that, having just been lecturing on the Latin poets, he now spoke English with considerable difficulty and little relish, and that he must be excused for introducing a sentiment from Horace, which he remarked with a fitting blush and a tender smile, was evidently prophetic of the coming of Mr Bristow as a political Messiah. Mr Everett then spoke in Latin for a few moments, to the great admiration of the English waiters, who remarked what a fellow "'Orace Greeley was to be sure!" and then Mr Everett, remembering that Latin was not of Bristow's vernacular, gave Covington's translation from Horace, Book IV, ode 9, as follows:

> A soul is yours
> Clear sighted, keen, alike upright
> When fortune smiles or when she owes;
> To greed and rapine still severe,
> Spurning the gain men find so sweet,
> A consul not of one brief year
> But oft as one [illegible] the judgment seat
> You lend the expedient to the right
> Your haughty eyes from bribes away,
> Or bear your banners through the fight
> Scattering the foeman's close array.

More could not have been said of Webster by Choate, or of Clay by Crittenden. When it is remembered that such fulsome praise to the face degraded the man who uttered it, and doubtless disgusted the manly Bristow, who had to endure it, this speech is worth recalling as proof of the difference between the spirit of a self respecting scholar and a simpering sycophant.

Massachusetts, we are glad to note, has been steered since 1860 by a nobler breed than the aristocratic "silver-tops" of Beacon street, and the cynical snobs and pessimistic toadies of classical culture. An hour of Andrew, Phillips, Wilson, Bowles, or even bristly Ben Butler, was worth a century of such oriental idolatry and hero homage, as this gospel according to Saint Botolph, and the Sankey to his Moody, Saint Slobber.

Mark Twain was once soundly berated by the Boston press because in his humorous speech at one of these Boston dinners that treated Emerson, Longfellow and Holmes with the irreverent freedom of rank humor, but his offending, if it was an outrage, was far less offensive than the nauseating, ceaseless iteration of extravagant praise to the face that these gentlemen of genius used to get whenever they attended a public banquet in their honor. The last time Holmes appeared on such an occasion, the wonder was that so keen a humorist did not fairly laugh in the faces of some of the fellows, who threw their soiled bouquets of the artificial flowers of fulsome speech and poetry [illegible]. Verily, Boston can beat the world for banquets that are vocal, with the bubbling speech of mutual admiration, and the squeaking tones of emasculated scholarship turned sycophant.

CONTRAST AND EXAMPLE

The Roman Catholic church of Boston supports a "Home of the Good Shepherd." It was started in 1867, has to-day over 200 inmates and is making ready for 200 more who will be admitted when there is room for them. Since it has been organized over 3000 poor, unfortunate women have been sheltered and protected, and of these 80 to 90 per cent have been reclaimed and restored to society. Were it not for this institution all these reclaimed women would have been sent to a public house of correction where there is transient protection but no improvement. When they come out they are sure to be sent back for the second or third time and that is the end, it is a leap into the river or a swift descent to those lowest deeps of depravity from which there is no return. It is the devil's opera until death. It is the glory of the church of Rome that they set a noble example to the other Christian churches in their efforts to help women back to womanhood. No church in America is so zealous in the establishment of founding asylums and lying-in-hospitals for fallen women as the Catholic church. Nor do they limit their efforts to the redemption of persons that are the lost sheep of their own fold. The sisters of the "House of the Good Shepherd" are like the Sisters of Charity, ready to help want and wretchedness that follow sin wherever they find it.

One of the most repulsive features of the old Puritan civil and religious code was its brutal treatment of erring women. Nobody ever rose from the reading of Hawthorne's greatest book "The Scarlet Letter," without a feeling of indignation that the pious framers of the civil and religious code of the Puritan should have wandered so far away from the spirit of Christ in their austere and cruel treatment of good women who had gone wrong. And the Puritan prejudice and cruelty still taints the so-called religion of New England, although it has long since been eliminated from its legal code.

The great mistake of the liquor men is their opposition to reasonable regulation and taxation of the liquor traffic.

INSANITY AMONG FARMERS.

At the national conference of charities and corrections at St Paul on the 21st inst, Mrs Colby of Nebraska read a paper, in which she named overwork and the monotonous life in the rural districts as one of the chief causes of insanity. The vital statistics of the state of Maine last year showed a larger per cent of insanity in the farming class than any other, and the publication of this fact excited general surprise. The popular supposition is that farmer life, through its freedom from daily excitement and mental stress its outdoor life that favors vigorous bodily exercise, keen appetite and sound digestion, ought to contribute a smaller per cent of insane persons than city life that includes so many restless brain workers of all sorts. The city worker it is argued with plausibility eats in a hurry, often at irregular intervals, eats often food that is stimulating rather than simple and nutritious, does his work under a pressure of nervous excitement unknown in the country, uses more alcoholic stimulants and tobacco, and in general leads a more feverish and dissipated life than the country worker. Why then should the country class furnish two insane patients to one found in the pulpit, the court room, the machine shop, the doctor's office, the counting room or the press? The answer to this question by the New England city press was that, since the prime cause of insanity lies in the habit established in the brain of rooted mental brooding, city life, in its external rush and activity, diverts attention from private sorrow, while country life, more monotonous and mechanical, is in its very dullness and quiet favorable to "that passive brooding in distinction from active thinking that kills." Versatile brain work does not kill, but invigorates, the mental health and vigor that hard-working lawyers of sober life maintain to old age is striking proof of this assertion, but the explanation offered for the asserted prevalence of insanity among the farming class that the farmer and his family have more brooding time than the city worker, while clever and plausible, is not satisfactory. It is perhaps a half truth, for in the army the most hopeless victims of home sickness were stout, hearty farmers' boys from small towns who had never been off the farm, or traveled beyond the small circle of village life. These stalwart young men suffered from home sickness, broke under camp disease, and rallied less rapidly from hardship than the young fellows of slenderer, but more wiry physique, who were recruited from the country stores, the machine shops, the factories, and the railway service of the large towns. These fellows, apparently of less sturdy physique, had left the farm early, got over home sickness, and had acquired a vivacious, not to say reckless, good humor that helped them to make the best of everything, and their pride and pluck went far to make up for their purely athletic inferiority. Of course they were all farmers' boys in the start, but the town recruits we speak of had served their time away from home before the war, while to the other boys it was their first call from the farm and the family.

And yet the explanation offered for the large percentage of farmer insane by the Eastern press does not cover the whole case, for the truth is that the average farmer of New England in the small towns is a very busy man, and does not have much brooding time if he attends to his business. To take a New England hill farm and make it pay means for, incessant toil early and late for both the farmer and his wife; there is no more leisure to brood than the mass of city workers get through the year. The food of the farmer is quite as healthful as that of the mechanical or professional city worker; he does not have more fatigue, exposure, anxiety and overwork of the devitalizing sort than is ordinarily encountered by the city worker of the same intelligence. Give a farmer time to stop from his toil and he is not without plenty of means of diversion for his tired body and mind. He can fish, hunt, boat and sail if he can find the time, and he does find about as much time as does not carry as a rule a more galling burden of bodily toil and mental anxiety; he does not cultivate the brooding habit half as much as those pessimistic philosophers in the city who view farmers and farm life through a glass of champagne, nor does he drop under his load as prematurely as the mass of those who sadly speculate upon his unhappy condition. Of course, he has to work hard and sometimes he lets his wife work too hard. In addition to her child bearing and care of children he works hard, because he can't hide his land or his stock; it is heavily taxed, and it is a smart, industrious, sober, energetic farmer in New England that can make his farm pay 6 per cent. Hundreds of them make less, and if he cannot get a farm without a mortgage attached he had better go West. But we do not believe that the farming class contributes largely to the insane because they are specially brooders over the little mean, local woes of life, for they do not have any more brooding time, nor do they have to carry woe, anxieties and troubles with less time for recreation than the city worker of the same grade of intelligence. How then do we explain the Maine vital statistics? We explain them by saying that they were either an exceptional record or were imperfectly collected and prepared. We do not believe there is a Northern state east or west where the farming class (actually engaged in farming) contributed a larger percentage to the insane than any other. We do not believe they contribute as large a percentage as several classes of city workers. Professor Agassiz once expressed the opinion that he did not believe in the coeducation of the sexes, because some Boston street walkers told him that they all dated their downfall from the days when they went to the country schools where the sexes were mixed in the class room and the play ground. A keen man of the world quietly said: "Professor, there is one factor you fail to consider when you base serious social convictions on the stories of street walkers, viz the girl generally lies where it will do the most good; that is, she excuses herself by accusing the school rather than is she sinned not because of the school but in spite of it." Just so with statistics; despite the fact they are figures they sometimes lie, and we do think they lie in the case of Maine, for so far as we know the vital statistics of no other state, East or West, make any such showing regarding the farming class.

PENSIONS

The house committee on pensions argues, says the New York *Herald* correspondent at the capital, that while the commissioner of pensions is bound to execute the law as it is congress may and ought to, in cases which seem to be meritorious, enlarge the pension bounty. Thus, where a soldier of good record has lost his eyesight recently, though there is no proof that he lost it as a result of war service, still he deserves a pension, or where a widow is destitute, and her husband served honorably in the war, though he did not die from disease contracted in the war, she ought to be pensioned.

Special pension bills take up so much time of congress that, as this seems now to be a general principle of action, congress ought at the next session amend the pension law so as to cover all these classes of cases. A provision giving a pension to every destitute soldier and soldier's widow would cover the field. There is little doubt that such a law will be adopted next session. It has already been proposed to pension, but without arrears, every soldier who served in the war and was honorably discharged, and every widow of such soldier who was his wife during the war. Such a law has this in its favor, that it would save the great cost of the army and medical examiners, agents, inspectors and clerks now employed by the pension bureau, and simplify the whole business.

General Sheridan says he is delighted with his new experience as a suburban farmer. Instead of sending his wife and children to a crowded seaside hotel or fashionable resort this year, he bought a bit of land near Washington, where he picks his own peas, digs his own potatoes, and enjoys freedom from intrusion. Here's a pointer for Portlanders. The hills about the city offer a great number of attractive places, where health and comfort can be had.

CARRIAGES AND BUGGIES repainted, retrimmed and thoroughly renovated in the best manner and at lowest prices for first-class work, at the North Pacific M'f'g Co., Twenty-second and T sts.

DIED.

[illegible]

NEW TO-DAY.

WANTED—SKIRT AND WAIST MAKERS AT [illegible]

[illegible] WITH BEARD [illegible]

WANTED—A BOY TO RUN ERRANDS AND [illegible]

FOR SALE CHEAP [illegible]

WANTED—YOUNG GIRL OR OLD WOMAN [illegible] wages $10 per month [illegible]

IF YOU HAVE FAILED TO SEE [illegible]

CAMP [illegible]

WANTED—[illegible] TEAMS TO HAUL WOOD [illegible]

WE JUST OPENED [illegible] BURKE'S [illegible]

WANTED—HANDS TO WORK ON [illegible]

CALL AND GET OUR PRICES AND EXAMINE our styles in light ready made dress [illegible] Sun House, corner Fourth and Yamhill sts.

WANTED—TO BUY A [illegible] lot not farther north than [illegible] Jefferson [illegible] DAVIS, 153 Fourth st.

BOAT HOUSE FOR SALE. THE OLD ESTABLISHED [illegible] Boat House, with boats and fixtures, now offered [illegible] Apply to [illegible]

WANTED—IMMEDIATELY A FIRST CLASS [illegible] NEFFIELD & SON [illegible]

MRS NINA [illegible] OF 18 SIXTH STREET makes a specialty of [illegible] privately.

WANTED—MAN AND WIFE FOR A GENTLEMAN'S country place [illegible]

FOR SALE 11 ACRES [illegible] DAIRY AND stock farm [illegible] Columbia [illegible] Apply to [illegible] & LAMBERT, Real Estate Agents [illegible] First, Portland.

BELMONT PARK.

THE RESURVEY OF THIS MOST BEAUTIFUL SUBURBAN RETREAT will be completed in a few days. [illegible]
J FRED CLARK, Real Estate Agent [illegible]

GARRISON'S

Sewing Machine Store
167 Third st, Portland
Agency for Domestic, Household, White, American [illegible]
Satisfaction Guaranteed
[illegible] GARRISON, Prop'r.

PROFESSOR MORRIS, PHRENOLOGIST, WILL give free lectures [illegible] Friday evening, Aug [illegible] [illegible]

BY VIRTUE OF A WARRANT ISSUED OUT OF the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Multnomah to me directed [illegible] described and assessed as follows:

1884 [illegible]

1885 [illegible]

1886 [illegible]

Friday, the 20th day of August, 1886 [illegible]
THOMAS A JORDAN,
Sheriff [illegible]
July 1st 1886

SPECIAL AUCTION SALE
—OF—
HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE

We are instructed to sell by auction at the Residence, Nos 87 and 89 Seventh st., between Stark and Oak sts.,
ON WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 4th,
At 10 o'clock A. M.
The Entire Furniture of Residence,
COMPRISING
Very Handsome and Richly Upholstered Parlor Suit, [illegible] Body Brussels Carpets, Fine Walnut and Ash Complete Bedroom Suits, Mattresses, Blankets, Comforters, Quilts, [illegible] Lounges, Bed Lounges, Patent [illegible] Hall and Stair Carpets, Crockery, Glassware, Dining Chairs, Ingrain Carpets, [illegible] Cooking Stoves and Kitchen Furniture.
GILMAN & CO., Auctioneers.

[illegible]
CORVALLIS, OR.
The next session will begin with a full faculty
September 8, 1886.
Sixty young men 16 years old and upward, can get
FREE SCHOLARSHIPS.
Each Senator can appoint two. For particulars apply to [illegible]
B. L. ARNOLD, President.

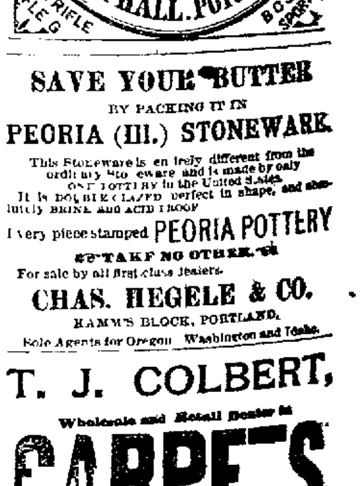
OREGON OIL CLOTHING M'F'G CO.
NO. 8 NORTH FIRST STREET; FACTORY McMillen's addition, East Portland.

Cascade Springs
NATURAL
Mineral Water.
The Most Elegant Water in the Market for Table Use and Health-giving Properties.
Location of Springs and Health Resort, Skamania County, Washington Territory, Near the Cascades of the Columbia.
This spring has been known for years to possess wonderful medical properties by Indians and [illegible] [illegible] process of purification before they are ready to bottle.
MAKE NO MISTAKE!
ASK FOR
Cascade Mineral Water
AND SEE THAT YOU GET IT.
BOTTLED ONLY BY
NORTHROP & STURGIS
PROPRIETORS OF
Portland Soda Works,
And well known as manufacturers of the best Soda Water, Sarsaparilla and Ginger Ale made on the Pacific Coast, whose name is guarantee of Pure Water and careful bottling.

Cascade Mineral Water
IS RECOMMENDED FOR
KIDNEY COMPLAINTS
LIVER COMPLAINTS,
DYSPEPSIA and
GENERAL DEBILITY.
ALSO AS A BEVERAGE FOR
BAR-ROOMS,
CLUB-ROOMS,
RESTAURANTS, HOTELS,
AND FAMILY TABLES.
Physicians Prescribe It,
Everybody Likes It,
All Feel Better for Using It.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
REMEMBER THE NAME,
CASCADE SPRINGS NATURAL MINERAL WATER,
BOTTLED BY
NORTHROP & STURGIS,
93 and 95 Oak st., corner Fifth,
PORTLAND, OR.

DIAMONDS
New York Jewelry Co.,
107 FIRST ST., PORTLAND, OR.

GUARANTEE.
—THE—
Collier White Lead and Oil Co
Guarantee their brand of strictly pure White Lead to be perfectly free from impurities, and will pay
One Hundred Dollars in Gold
and the cost of analysis, for any keg, if containing the slightest adulteration.
THOMAS RICHESON, Pres't.
ALEX EUSTON, Sec'y.
Facsimile of guarantee on every keg of
Collier Co. White Lead
ST. LOUIS, MO.
FOR SALE IN LOTS TO SUIT BY
KELLY, DUNNE & CO.,
DEALERS IN
Paints, Oils, Glass, Varnishes, Brushes,
42 Front Street, Portland, Oregon.



SAVE YOUR BUTTER
BY PACKING IT IN
PEORIA (Ill.) STONEWARE.
This Stoneware is entirely different from the ordinary Stoneware and is made by only ONE POTTERY in the United States.
It is DOUBLE GLAZED, perfect in shape, and absolutely BRINE AND ACID PROOF.
Every piece stamped PEORIA POTTERY
TAKE NO OTHER.
For sale by all first-class dealers.
CHAS. HEGELE & CO.,
HAMM'S BLOCK, PORTLAND.
Sole Agents for Oregon, Washington and Idaho.

T. J. COLBERT,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
CARPETS
[illegible]
MATS, etc., etc.
First and Yamhill sts.........Portland, Or.

NOTICE TO TENANTS.
THE UNDERSIGNED IS ABOUT TO ERECT on the east side of Third st. between Washington and Stark sts. in this city a Five Story Brick Building with basement, having a frontage of [illegible] on Third st. and a depth of 80 feet. The plans can be arranged to suit tenants and passenger elevator and steam heating furnished if desired. Parties desiring to lease a part or the whole of said building [illegible]
[illegible] REED, No. 1 [illegible]
Portland, July 6, 1886.

The Oregonian

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT

[illegible]

OVERLAND PASSENGERS.

Passengers due to arrive over the Northern Pacific: [illegible] Smith, A. McNeely, [illegible] James W Crane [illegible] Ferguson, E. A. [illegible] Baker, Mrs Carrie [illegible] Miss Cora L. Pauls [illegible] R. W. Forres [illegible] and thirty immigrants.

[illegible] Huntington to arrive over the [illegible] Allen, wife and daughter [illegible] Riley, Mary Ballard, H. [illegible] John [illegible] and 19 thirteen immigrants.

CHURCH NOTICES

First Presbyterian church, Rev A. L. [illegible] pastor. Washington and Third [illegible]

Unitarian and other liberal religious [illegible] can be had free upon application to Miss [illegible] 153 Eleventh street, Portland, Or.

Taylor Street Methodist Episcopal church. Sunday school at 12.15. Young people's meeting at 6.30 P. M. Public service morning and evening.

Hall Street M. E. church, corner Hall and Sixth streets—Preaching at 11 A. M. [illegible] P. M. Sunday school at 12.15 P. M. Free [illegible] services.

Norwegian Danish Lutheran church [illegible] pastor. Divine service 10.30 A. M. [illegible] Scandinavian church, East side [illegible] corner of Sixth and Alder streets.

St. Stephen's Episcopal chapel, corner Fifth and Jefferson streets.—Divine service [illegible] in the chapel on Sunday, at 11 o'clock. Sunday school [illegible]. Seats free.

Y. M. C. A.—Young Men's Bible class [illegible] A. M. Subject, Life of [illegible] meeting in the chapel at 4 P. M. [illegible] by D. W. Wakefield. All are cordially invited.

Mariners' church, corner Third and [illegible]—Bethel services Sunday, August 1st [illegible] meeting with good singing at 7.45 P. M. directed by W. S. Fletcher. Cordial invitation to all.

Rev [illegible] Taylor speaks at the Columbia College hall, corner Second and Salmon streets, [illegible] evening at 8 o'clock. Subject, [illegible] Seats free and all are cordially welcomed.

Calvary Presbyterian church, corner of [illegible] and Clay streets. Preaching at 11 A. M. [illegible] P. M. by the Rev. E. T. [illegible] Sabbath school at 12.30 o'clock. [illegible] cordially invited.

Swedish Evangelical Lutheran church [illegible] street, between Ninth and Tenth.—Sunday services at 10.30 A. M. and [illegible] P. M. [illegible] evening prayer meeting, 7.45. Thursday evening preaching at 7.45. John W. Skans, [illegible]

First Congregational church, Rev [illegible] pastor. Rev. Dr. Henry M. [illegible] New York is expected to occupy the [illegible] the morning. Bible school at 12.30 [illegible] People's meeting, 7 P. M. Evening [illegible] 7.45. Strangers welcome.

Grace Methodist Episcopal church [illegible] Third and Eleventh streets. Rev. [illegible] pastor.—Communion at 11 A. M. Preaching by the pastor at 7.45 P. M. Sunday school 12.15 P. M. Prayer service Thursday evening at 7.45. Seats free. Ushers in attendance.

German Methodist Episcopal church, North Eighth and D streets. Rev. [illegible] Preaching in German at 11 A. M. and [illegible] P. M. Sabbath school commences at [illegible] Prayer meeting every Wednesday night [illegible] meeting and exercises in singing every [illegible] night.

Scandinavian M. E. church, corner of [illegible] Twelfth streets.—Preaching by the pastor [illegible] C. N. Hauge at 11 A. M. Sunday school 12.15 P. M. Love feast at [illegible] P. M. Preaching at 7.30 P. M. by Rev. W. S. Harrington, D. D. The sacrament of the Lord's supper [illegible] be administered in connection with the [illegible] services. All are invited.

Trinity church, corner of Sixth and [illegible] streets. Services at 11 A. M. and [illegible] P. M. [illegible] 3.30 P. M. the Rev. Job Turner of Virginia, who is a deaf mute, will hold a service and [illegible] the sign language for deaf mutes. He will interpret the evening service at 7.45 in the [illegible] language. The rector will read a sermon written by Mr. Turner, which he will preach in [illegible] language of the deaf and dumb.

First Baptist church, corner of Fourth and Alder streets, Rev. J. Q. A. Henry, pastor. Preaching services at 11 A. M. and [illegible] Morning theme, "Memorials of Our [illegible] Lord." Evening subject, "Religious Sha[illegible] Spiritualism, Liberalism, Etc." Sunday school at 12.30 P. M. Communion at the morning service. The meetings of this church are open to the public. Strangers welcome. Free pews.

EAST SIDE PULPITS

Zion Evangelical church, Stephens' addition. Preaching services Sunday, August 1, at [illegible] and 7.45 P. M. by the pastor, Rev. [illegible] Sabbath school meets at 10 A. M.

St. David's Episcopal church, Rev. John Sellwood, rector.—Services in the morning [illegible] o'clock and in the evening at 7.30 o'clock as usual. Sunday school meets at 9.45 [illegible] Regular service on Friday evening at [illegible] o'clock.

Methodist Episcopal church, Rev. [illegible] son, pastor.—Preaching by the pastor [illegible] morning and evening at the usual hours. Sabbath school meets at 12.30 o'clock. [illegible] at 10 A. M. The sacrament of the Lord's supper will be administered immediately after morning sermon. Last of the conference [illegible]

First Baptist church, corner of [illegible] Seventh streets, Rev. C. H. Hobart, [illegible] Services as usual, both morning and [illegible] In the absence of the pastor Rev. [illegible] of Victoria, will preach. [illegible] discourse, "What Paul Knew [illegible]" "A Funeral Sermon [illegible]" school meets at 12.30 o'clock.

Congregational church, Holladay's [illegible] Rev. Daniel Staver pastor.—Services [illegible] both morning and evening at the [illegible] Subject for morning discourse, "The [illegible] of Religion." In the evening "The [illegible] of Repentance." Sabbath school [illegible] Prayer meeting of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor meets at [illegible]

MARRIAGES IN JULY

The following licenses to wed were issued by County Clerk Church during the month of [illegible]

- 1—Ella Dickinson 27, Edwin Miller [illegible]
- 1—Caroline Sturm 21, C. Harder [illegible]
- 2—Alice M Bothe 17, E. H. Pigelow [illegible]
- 3—F Goodman 18, H. Haas 30
- 3—May Drewry 19, Frans Scholl 26
- 4—L Marias 18, A. Arens [illegible]
- 5—May Carley 23, George Ernst [illegible]
- [illegible]—Clara A. Fisher 20, Geo. A. Wilson [illegible]
- 6—Mary Fres 26, Oscar Pentracas [illegible]
- [illegible]—Haw Gee 27, Sam On 28
- 9—Martha E Lande 17, W. S. Kern [illegible]
- 10—Ella Christensen 20, Anton Anderson [illegible]
- 10—Annie Murray 25, H. S. Godshall [illegible]
- 13—Lillian M Jacobs 18½, Isador Lang [illegible]
- 13—Frances E Skeels 32, Sidney Wake [illegible]
- [illegible]—Catherine Muller 30, T. J. Fitzsimmons [illegible]
- 14—Zella Polson 23, William O'Rei[illegible] 25
- 14—Martha Maenner 20, Sam Bernstein [illegible]
- [illegible]—Lena Krause 19, Philip Hering 2[illegible]
- 20—Louisa Saundaway 25, Jos. Laurne [illegible]
- 16—Maggie Alexander 2[illegible], A. M. Dona [illegible]
- 26—Rosa Mahoney 45, Edward Carne [illegible]
- 24—Margaret T Brady 19, J. P. K. Dean [illegible]
- 28—Emma Durkheimer 22, J. Golds[illegible]
- 29—Florence Kidder 23, Alex. M. Milwa[illegible]

Since our last report no changes of importance have taken place in gentlemen's garments, besides that in the hot weather they have in New York a great many white and blue flannel sack suits without lining have been used, but for light and cool suits the gray and brown Scotch goods have been the most popular.

For the coming season the leading features will be: The coat looser and more comfortable in the body, a little increase in the length, opening for both vest and coat cut a little [illegible] soft roll, and on sack coats and cutaways [illegible] Scotch goods and fancy cashmeres [illegible] the sleeves cut a little wider and [illegible] a vent, or imitation cuff, with two buttons.

The vest with a neat notch collar and longer.

The trousers cut straighter, with a shaping on the outside.

Bornquist & Reffling, Merchant Tailors, Washington street.

To keep cool and comfortable take steamer Latona at Taylor-street wharf at 10 A. M. for Oregon City, leaving there at 4 P. M. Round trip, 50 cents.

Boats all day at special rates. Waukeegan Boat House.

ide Springs
NATURAL
al Water!
Elegant Water in the
or Table Use and
iving Properties.

Springs and Health Resort,
nty, Washington Territory,
Cascades of the Columbia.

NO MISTAKE!
ASK FOR
Minera Water
THAT YOU GET IT.
TLED ONLY BY
P & STURGIS
OPRIETORS OF
Soda Works,
own as manufacturers of
a Water, Sarsaparilla and
ade on the Pacific Coast
is guaranteed of Pure
areful bottling.

Minera Water
COMMENDED FOR
PLAINTS
COMPLAINTS,
YSPEPSIA and
GENERAL DEBILITY.
S A BEVERAGE FOR
ROOMS,
ESTAURANTS, HOTELS,
AND FAMILY TABLES.
scribe It,
ody Likes It,
l Feel Better for Using It.
EVERYWHERE
MBER THE NAME,
SPRINGS NATURAL
RAL WATER,
OP & STURGIS,
Oak st., corner Fifth,

MONDS
ork Jewelry Co.,
ST PORTLAND, OR.

RANTEE.
ite Lead Co
their brand of strictly
e Lead to be perfectly
purities, and will pay
red Dollars in Gold
st of analysis, for any
taining the slightest
guarantee on every keg of
Co. White Lead
LOUIS, MO.
DUNNE & CO.,
lass, Varnishes, Brushes,

SPORTING POWDER.
SNAP SHOT.
F AGENTS
ALL, PORTLAND, OR.
BOSTON SHOOTING

OUR BUTTER
ILL.) STONEWARE.
PEORIA POTTERY
NO OTHER.
HEGELE & CO.

COLBERT,
and Retail Dealer in
RPETS
Linoleums, Rugs,
TS, etc., etc.
Portland, Or.

TO TENANTS.

The Oregonian.

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT

PORTLAND, July 31 [illegible] P M

Place of Observation	Height of Barometer	Ther	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Portland	0 04	—01		N W	r
Olympia	[illegible]	[illegible]			r
Roseburg	[illegible]	—0			r
Red Bluff	0	0	98		r
Sacramento	[illegible]	00		S	r
Tatoosh	0 11	—04	58	S	y
Spokane	[illegible]	—05	4	E	y
Walla Walla			84	W	Clear
Astoria				N W	Clear

Maximum thermometer [illegible]
River at 11 A M 7 8 feet

OVERLAND PASSENGERS.

Passed Heron to arrive over the Northern Pacific: Benj Smith, A McNeely, J Spencer, Chas Jerregan, James W Crane, C W, R T Toner, O J Ferguson, E A Blackman, G Baker, J Schiller, E Baker, Mrs Carrie Young, W H H Grant, Miss Cora L Paulsen, R Koebler, Jay Frunes, H W Forres and wife, Mrs Bertha L Forrest, and thirty immigrants.

Passed Huntington to arrive over the Short Line: Charles Allen, wife and daughter, [illegible] ward Riley, Mary Billard, H Kurts, Sing Lee, John Shine, and thirteen immigrants.

CHURCH NOTICES

First Presbyterian church, Rev A L Lindsley, D D, pastor. Washington and Third.

Unitarian and other liberal religious literature can be had free upon application to Miss [illegible] Davison, 153 Eleventh street, Portland, Or.

Taylor Street Methodist Episcopal church—Sunday school at 12 15. Young people's praise meeting at 6 30 P M. Public service morning and evening.

Hall Street M. E. church, corner Hall and Sixth streets.—Preaching at 11 A. M. and 8 P. M. Sunday school at 12 15 P. M. Free seats to all services.

Norwegian Danish Lutheran church, J Tackle pastor. Divine service, 10 30 A. M., in the Scandinavian church, East side, 7 30 P. M., corner of Sixth and Alder streets.

St Stephen's Episcopal chapel, corner of Fifth and Jefferson streets.—Divine service will be held in the chapel on Sunday, at 11 o'clock. Sunday school at 10. Seats free.

Y M C A. Young Men's Bible class 9 30 to 10.30 A. M. subject, "Life of Paul." Gospel meeting in the chapel at 4 P. M. conducted by D W Wakefield. All are cordially invited.

Mariners' church, corner Third and D streets—Bethel services Sunday, August 1st. Gospel meeting with good singing at [illegible] P. M. conducted by W S Fletcher. Cordial invitation to all.

Rev Dr Taylor speaks at the Columbia College hall, corner Second and Salmon streets, to-morrow evening, at 8 o'clock. Subject, "True Rationalism." Seats free and all are cordially welcomed.

Calvary Presbyterian church, corner of Ninth and Clay streets. Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7 45 P. M. by the Rev E T Ingle, of East Portland. Sabbath school at 1 [illegible] o'clock. All are cordially invited.

Swedish Evangelical Lutheran church, B street between Ninth and Tenth.—Sunday services at 10 [illegible] A. M. and [illegible] P. M. Tuesday evening prayer meeting, 7 45. Thursday evening preaching at [illegible]. John W Swans, pastor.

First Congregational church, Rev T E Clapp, pastor. Rev Dr Henry M Storrs, of New York, is expected to occupy the pulpit in the morning. Bible school at 12 30. Young People's meeting [illegible] P M. Evening service at 7 45. Strangers welcome.

Grace Methodist Episcopal church, corner Taylor and Eleventh streets, Rev [illegible] W [illegible] well, pastor.—Communion at 11 A. M. Preaching by the pastor at [illegible] P. M. Sunday school 12 15 P. M. Prayer service Thursday evening at 7 30. Seats free. Ushers in attendance.

German Methodist Episcopal church, corner North Eighth and D streets, Rev [illegible] Bonn, pastor. Preaching in German at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sabbath school commences at [illegible] A. M. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Bible meeting and exercises in singing every Friday night.

Scandinavian M E church, corner of D and Twelfth streets.—Preaching by the pastor, Rev C N Ha[illegible] [illegible] A. M. Sunday school at 12 15 P. M. Love feast at [illegible] P. M. Preaching at [illegible] 30 P. M. by Rev W S Harrington, D D. The sacrament of the Lord's supper will be administered in connection with the evening services. All are invited.

Trinity church, corner of Sixth and Oak streets.—Services at 11 A. M. and [illegible] P. M. At 3 30 P. M. the Rev Job Turner, of Virginia, who is a deaf mute, will hold a service and preach in the sign language for deaf mutes. He will also interpret the evening service at 7 [illegible] in the sign language. The rector will read a sermon written by Mr Turner, which he will preach in the language of the deaf and dumb.

First Baptist church, corner of Fourth and Alder streets, Rev J Q A Henry pastor—Preaching services at 11 A. M. and 7 45 P. M. Morning theme, "Memorials of Our Absent Lord." Evening subject, Religious Shams—Spiritualism, Liberalism, Etc." Sunday school at 12 30 P. M. Communion at the morning service. The meetings of this church are open to the public. Strangers welcome. Free pews.

EAST SIDE PULPITS

Zion Evangelical church, Stephens' addition. Preaching services Sunday, August 1, at 11 A. M. and 7 45 P. M. by the pastor, Rev C C Poling. Sabbath school meets at 10 A. M.

St. David's Episcopal church, Rev John W Sellwood, rector—Services in the morning at 11 o'clock and in the evening at 7 30 o'clock, as usual. Sunday school meets at [illegible] A. M. Regular service on Friday evening at 7 30 o'clock.

Methodist Episcopal church. Rev S P Wilson, pastor—Preaching by the pastor both morning and evening at the usual hours. Sabbath school meets at 12 30 o'clock. Love feast at 10 A. M. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be administered immediately after the morning sermon. Last of the conference year.

First Baptist church, corner of G and Seventh streets, Rev C H Hobart pastor—Services as usual both morning and evening. In the absence of the pastor Rev [illegible] W [illegible] of Victoria will preach. Subject of [illegible] discourse, [illegible]. "A Funeral Sermon [illegible]." Sunday school meets at 1 [illegible] o'clock.

Congregational church, Holladay's [illegible]. Rev Daniel Staver pastor—Services as usual both morning and evening at the [illegible]. Subject for morning discourse, [illegible] of [illegible]. In the evening [illegible] of Genesareth. Sabbath school [illegible]. Prayer meeting of the Young [illegible] of Christian Endeavor meets at [illegible] P M.

MARRIAGES IN JULY

The following licenses to wed were issued by County Clerk Church during the month of July:

1—Ella Dickinson [illegible], Edwin Miller
1—Caroline Strunn [illegible], C Harder [illegible]
2—Alice M Bottler 17, F H Bigelow
3—F Goodman 18, H Hiss 30
3—May Drewry 18, Frank Schl[illegible] 26
3—L Marias 18, A Arnum 2[illegible]
5—May Corley [illegible], George First 24
6—Clara A Fisher 20, Geo A Wills [illegible]
6—Mary Frey 26, Oscar Poatracase 25
9—Haw Gee 27, Sam On 28
9—Martha E Lande 17, W S Kern 19
10—Ella Christensen 20, Anton Anderson [illegible]
10—Annie Murray 25, H S Godshall 3[illegible]
13—Lillian M Jacobs 18, Isador Lang [illegible]
13—Frances E Skeels 32, Sidney Walker 26
13—Catherine Muller 30, T J Fitzsimmons
14—Zella Poison 23, William O Reilly 28
14—Martha Maenner 20, Sam Bernstein 24
19—Lena Krause 19, Philip Horing 26
20—Louisa Saundaway 35, Jos Tauranal [illegible]
16—Maggie Alexander [illegible], A M Donal[illegible]
26—Rosa Mahoney 45, Edward Carney [illegible]
24—Margaret T Brady 19, J F H Dem[illegible] 23
28—Emma Durkheimer 22, J Goldsmith
29—Florence Kidder 23, Alex M Milwain 26

Since our last report no changes of importance have taken place in gentlemen's garments besides that in the hot weather they have had in New York a great many white and blue flannel sack suits without lining have been used, but for light and cool suits the gray and brown Scotch goods have been the most popular.

For the coming season the leading feature will be: The coat looser and more comfortable in the body, a little increase in the length, the opening for both vest and coat cut a little lower, soft roll, and on sack coats and cutaways of Scotch goods and fancy cassimeres welt seams, the sleeves cut a little wider and finished with a vent, or imitation cuff, with two buttons.

The vest with a neat notch collar and a trifle longer.

The trousers cut straighter with a slight shaping on the outside.

Borquist & Reilling, Merchant Tailors, 31 Washington street.

To keep cool and comfortable take steamer Latona at Taylor-street wharf at 10 A. M. for Oregon City, leaving there at 4 P. M. Round trip, 50 cents.

Boats all day at special rates. Waukesha Boat House.

IN AND ABOUT PORTLAND.

A Pretz of the Oakland Home Insurance company is in the city.

Detective Sam Simmons has returned from a trip to San Francisco.

The Tivoli has been holding its own the past week and has a new bill to-morrow night.

James A Burger has commenced suit in the state circuit court for a divorce from L A Burger.

Grand concert at the City park to-day by Prof H C Kay's band, from 2 o'clock to 7 30 P M, admission free.

Mr Geo T Berry, a wheat buyer in Eastern Oregon, for Sibson, Quackenbush & Co, was in the city last Friday and Saturday.

Mr C C McCrimmon, a merchant of North Yakima, son-in-law of Rev A Kuppel, was in the city during the week purchasing goods.

The hearing of the case as to the appointment of a guardian for the Mooney children, will come up before Judge Catlin on the 9th inst.

It was voted by the Congregational church last Thursday evening to omit services during August, commencing with the second Sunday.

The barn of W S Ladd, which was burned to the ground Friday night, was insured for $2100 and the hay and grain contained therein for $1000. The loss was considerably greater.

To-day the Manzanita sailed from Astoria for Alaska and way ports for a month's inspection cruise. Capt. Selfree leaves Portland Monday and will join the vessel at Seattle or Port Townsend.

In the list of insurance losses on the old asylum building, published in Thursday's daily, it was stated that the State Investment, of Salem had $2800. It should have read the State of Investment, of California.

Albert Wilzinski and his sister Frances, left for San Francisco by last Monday's overland train to attend the funeral of their sister, Mrs Goodman. They were accompanied by the deceased's youngest daughter, Miriam, who was here on a visit.

Special policeman Belcher yesterday brought Sow Hum, a Chinese woman, to the police station as insane. She has been living at Second and Washington, has been sick for the past two months and under the care of a Chinese physician. The woman, who talks good English says she has been poisoned and that she was going to kill ten men at 10 o'clock last night.

For for some time past the little steamer Twins has been moored at Albina awaiting repairs. Yesterday morning at 5 o'clock the engineer of the New York discovered her in a sinking condition. He endeavored to prevent her from being entirely submerged, but without success. The Twins has for some time leaked quite badly. She will be raised in a day or two.

AT THE SEASIDE

Following are the arrivals at the Seaside house, Clatsop beach last Thursday: John R Foster and wife, Mrs. F W Baltes and child, Mrs I Jacobs, Mrs C H Lewis, two children and nurse, Robert Lewis, Hunt Lewis, Miss Sallie Lewis, Miss Mabel Beck, Miss Gretchen Beck, John Dempsey and wife, Portland.

SHIPPING NOTES

ASTORIA, July 31.—British bark Thetis arrived 10 0 A M. British bark Cumbrian down 1.30 P M.

CAPE HANCOCK, July 31.—British bark Thetis passed in [illegible] A M. At 4 P M bar smooth, cloudy, wind north, velocity 10 miles per hour.

EATING HUMBLE PIE

A man named Dan Girard received a severe thumping last night in Mary Cook's dive, at the corner of Fourth and Taylor streets. It was all about a woman. The successful sluggers were one Esnarck, and the proprietress. Girard was made to get down on his knees, and to otherwise conduct himself in a meek and lowly manner. The police authorities should attend to the case.

SAWMILL BURNED

The steam sawmill situated between Hillsboro and Glencoe in Washington county, was destroyed by fire early on Saturday evening. The mill was owned by Hancock & Nowell. The value was about $4000, and there was only $2000 insurance in the Phoenix of Brooklyn. The fire was undoubtedly the act of an incendiary and if this spirit is again abroad it would be well for the police and the underwriters to deal with it promptly, as they did before so effectually.

THEY WERE ALL GREEN

Barrister William Foley who is visiting the bay city, is according to all accounts, taking in all the sights and enjoying himself hugely. The other day in company with some ladies, Mr Foley visited Golden Gate park, and arriving at the conservatory, proceeded to view the plants therein. After admiring them from the outside for some time Foley remarked to one of his lady friends: "The flowers are very beautiful, but they are all a green color." "Why, no," she replied, "Mr Foley, you're looking through green glass." Report goes that the barrister now carries a telescope with him.

SINGULAR ACCIDENT

Yesterday afternoon, Adam Scott Collins was the victim of a peculiar accident while bathing in the Willamette near the East Portland wharf. He got into the swell of the steamer Multnomah which was leaving the wharf and had not calculated on the force of her wash. He was driven against the piling with such force as to break both bones of his left fore arm. Henry Reed, who was in the water, towed the disabled young man to a raft, and thence to shore. It was a very bad fracture, but after it had been reduced Collins went to see the ball match at the Oaks.

WHITE WINGS

The yachtsmen had a friendly cruise last evening, in which three of the leading craft tried to scrape the grass off their bottoms. Austin's new boat, the Kitsle, and Fly Away were in the lead, and as far as could be observed the last named showed the best qualities, and in her new suit looked like a picture. A match is to be sailed soon, to try the merits of the new boats [illegible]. In the near future the Portland Yacht club is to be reorganized on a more liberal basis than formerly. With the new boats and the most beautiful sailing grounds in the Northwest, something more than a name ought to come of it. The canoe men, also, are coming to the front, and several graceful craft now ply the waters in all the elegance of their dainty [illegible].

[illegible] ARRESTS [illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible] as follows: [illegible] horse stealing 1, carrying swill 1, [illegible] things 2, drunk and disorderly [illegible], carrying concealed weapons 3, assault and battery, 10, permitting minors in saloons 3, held as witness [illegible] obstructing sidewalks, vagrancy [illegible], threatening to do bodily harm, 1, burglary, 1, disorderly conduct 1, attempt to commit felony 1, soliciting without license, 3, larceny 13, adultery, 1, abusive language, 4, murder [illegible], inciting prostitution 2, bathing within city limits [illegible], fighting [illegible] assault with deadly weapon, 2, insane 4, discharging firearms within city limits, [illegible], fast driving [illegible].

SUDDEN DEATH

Early yesterday morning Coroner De Lin was was notified of the sudden death of Mrs August Stowasser at her residence situated on Market street, the last house west but one. Deeming an inquest necessary Coroner De Lin summoned a jury and proceeded to the scene. The story is best told by the husband and is in substance as follows: His wife retired in her usual good health. In the morning he arose and went to a spring about 400 yards distant from the house to get some water. Upon his return his wife called to him from the upper floor that she was too ill to get breakfast. He ran up stairs and found her lying on the bed and throwing her hands and arms about spasmodically. He summoned a lady living in the neighborhood, but by the time she got there Mrs Stowasser had become speechless and soon after died, although everything that could be thought of was done for her. On Mr Stowasser being asked if there was any poison in the house, he replied that he had purchased a quantity of strychnine last spring to poison gophers with, but believed it was all gone, and in any event his wife could not have taken any of it by mistake. At four o'clock in the afternoon a post mortem examination was made by Dr G M Wells when it was ascertained that the woman died from paralysis of the heart. She was 40 years of age and came here from Austria, her native country, two years ago and married Stowasser. They had no children.

SLIGHT RAILROAD COLLISION.

The train on the O & C. railroad came into Lebanon Friday night as usual, and the cars were left standing on the main track, while the engine proceeded to the turn table and turned around. It is their custom to side track the cars before turning the engine, and the engineer, Charles McDonald, thinking the cars were side tracked, proceeded down the main track, expecting to back in at the other end of the switch. He did not see the cars until just as the engine struck. The forward end of the baggage car was thrown completely off the trucks, breaking it up considerably. The pilot of the engine was driven into the ground, tearing up the track and mashing the pilot back under the forward trucks of the engine. Eugene La Forest, John Ross and George Peebler were riding on the pilot and jumped off just before it struck the car. Charles McDonald was hurt in the [illegible], John Ross injured his leg in jumping. [illegible] Mrs Ross, who was in the rear car was thrown back and hurt considerably on the shoulder and otherwise bruised. After the accident Ross was very nervous and seemed to be hurt worse than was really the case, and a dose of morphine was administered for the purpose of relieving him. Ross must have been given too much of the drug, as immediately on receiving it he was taken very sick. A stomach pump was brought into play, and after Ross had been pumped out he was "douced" with cold water and walked to keep him from going to sleep until he was out of danger. The train arrived in Portland on time.

ROBBED IN A SALOON

Friday a man from East Portland entered the Hub saloon at First and D streets, and while there claims he was robbed of $70. He immediately reported the case at the police station and detectives Barry and Simmons arrested a woman named Eugenia Gorie and Peter Loritti, a barkeeper in the saloon, as the guilty parties. The Gorie woman says Loritti committed the theft and failed to share with her the money he stole. Loritti himself doesn't deny having had a hand in the case. He is at present in the city jail awaiting his examination in the police court.

AN OUTING AT CLATSOP

A Day up the Nekanicum when the Trout were Taking the Fly

There are few lovelier localities than that surrounding the Seaside hotel at Clatsop. The ocean thundering on the beach and rocks the charming diversity of lawn, meadow and woodland, the beautiful mountain stream, the Necanikum, here flowing gently to the sea, above dashing noisily over its rocky bed, and over all, the majestic cliff of Tillamook, standing guard against the ocean and the elements—are features in a natural picture that is rarely surpassed for color and effect. Viewed from any point of view, this picture charms the eye of man but that portion seen from the dining room, with the mountains in the distance, the crystal stream in the background, and a hungry man's breakfast in the foreground, baffles description. God pity the man who can not appreciate it.

One lovely morning of last week the writer joined a small fishing party in a raid on the home of the trout, some six or seven miles from the hotel. A fair trail skirts the stream the entire distance, winding through woodland and meadow, and occasionally fording the brawling stream. After a tramp of five miles a halt was called, rods were put in order, fly books produced and soon three hopeful fishermen were whipping the water.

Fair, verdant Hope, on what strange errands is thy aid invoked! And what a motley throng is ever kneeling at thy shrine! There bows the mother, with a trembling prayer for her dying child; there is seen the gambler, gloating o'er his gains or cursing his ill luck, but ever one of thy warmest devotees. The impatient lover dwells beneath the shadow of thy wing, and the cruel murderer, thirsting for his victim's blood or fleeing from the avenging arm of justice, forgets his fears and stills his conscience when basking in thy smile! And the fisherman is there on a front seat, not the lone fisherman but the whole tribe of him. Yesterday he was cursing thee for a fickle jade, but now thy past inconstancy is forgotten and he is again at thy feet!

But on this day the inconstant goddess deigned to lend her brightest favors to our little party, and as a result we returned with overflowing baskets. The catch averaged nicely in size, and eleven salmon trout weighing from one to two pounds were killed by the three rods. The total catch was 140, or about forty pounds of fish. For the benefit of fishermen it may be stated that the royal coachman was the favorite fly, with the peacock bodied brown hackle a good second. Professors were also eagerly taken for about an hour in the middle of the day. From one deep pool just where the silver ripple blended into the sea green of the still water, the writer landed five salmon trout in fifteen minutes. From a double riffle running under a large drift two rods took twenty three mountain trout in about half an hour. By 2 o'clock the baskets were full, and one fisherman also had five salmon trout strung on a limb.

Sometimes I think I am an average fly fisherman, and at other times I come to the conclusion that I am not quite so good. Occasionally I take my rod in hand and hie me to the crystal stream, and the trout deliberately hang themselves upon my hook in great numbers. Then I pat myself on the back and say, "Bully boy with a fly hook, get thyself a split bamboo." Then again I wade in the creek for nineteen or twenty miles, hang a fly on every monarch of the forest that is anywhere near the bank, miss nine-tenths of the rises if there should be any, and finally go home and raffle my outfit for half its cost.

Once in a great while I meet a man who makes a living by catching trout, but I never trust him with my valuables. Napoleon crossed the Alps, Leander swam the Hellespont, Grant cut loose from his base of supplies and succeeded—these and many other wonderful things have been accomplished, but none of those heroes could have made a living by loafing around a trout stream.

Where flows the swift and noisy brook,
There lurks the modest trout.
You take your bamboo rod and hook
And try to get him out.

You hide yourself behind a tree
And try your favorite fly;
You make a cast or two or three—
That trout but winks his eye.

You fish above the pool a while
And then you go below.
Your line gets caught—up comes your bile
And words begin to flow.

You wade the stream, you climb the tree,
And blood is in your eye.
Great Scott! You turn—that trout you see
On another fellow's fly.

N W DEE

MILITIA ORDERS.

The Last From Col J K Phillips and the First from Col. E. H Merrill

HEADQUARTERS 1st REG. 2ND BRIG. O S M
PORTLAND, July [illegible]

General Order No. [illegible]

I. [illegible] R [illegible] [illegible] to date from May [illegible] 1886. D C Southworth has been commissioned first lieutenant and J C [illegible] second lieutenant [illegible] to date from July [illegible] 1886. They will be respected and obeyed accordingly.

II. The following non-commissioned officers have been [illegible] for their orders viz: [illegible] to be sergeants [illegible] to date [illegible] 1886. They will receive the respect and obedience due their rank.

III. Sergeant Russell Charlton is discharged by reason of expiration of term of enlistment and principal musician [illegible] C Jones, at his own request is returned to his company for duty.

IV. [illegible] officers will turn over to their successors all public and regimental property, taking receipt therefor.

V. The commanding officer takes this occasion to felicitate the battalion on its approved drill discipline [illegible] and to bespeak for his successor Col Merrill the hearty co-operation of the whole command and his efforts to bring it to a higher degree of efficiency. By order of J. K. PHILIPS,

Lieutenant-colonel commanding regiment.
O SUMMERS Adjutant.

HEADQUARTERS 1st REG. 2ND BRIG. O S M
PORTLAND, OR. Aug 1 1886

General Orders No 1

I. Having been duly commissioned I hereby assume the command of the battalion with headquarters established at the armory of E company, Portland, Oregon.

II. For the necessary information of the commandant, all officers commanders of companies will at once transmit to these headquarters a roster of the commissioned and non-commissioned officers of their respective companies.

III. First Lieut. D C Southworth is hereby detailed as acting adjutant until further orders.

IV. Second Lieut. L W Moore is hereby detailed for duty as commanding officer of A company to act as such from this date until further orders.

V. The following non-commissioned staff appointments are hereby announced viz: Sergeant J H Lord, E company, promoted Sergeant-Major and Corporal C C Fisher, K company promoted Quartermaster Sergeant, to rank as such from this date. By order of

LIEUT COL. E. H MERRILL.
D C SOUTHWORTH,
First Lieutenant and Acting Adjutant.

NOTICE TO MARINERS.

Columbia River Bar—Wreck of the W H Besse

OFFICE OF LIGHTHOUSE INSPECTOR
THIRTEENTH DISTRICT,
PORTLAND Or. July 30, 1886.

One of the masts of the W. H. Besse lately wrecked on the Columbia river bar shows about fifteen feet above the water. From the wreck Cape Disappointment lighthouse bears NE ¾ N (magnetic) distant 2¾ miles. Point Adams lighthouse bears from the wreck E ¾ S (magnetic).

D SEBREE
Inspector Thirteenth Lighthouse District.

Professor Morris comes highly recommended from New York, Canada, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Dakota and California. He has made phrenology a life-long study, and is possessed of a superabundance of wit and humor. See ad. on another page.

H. V Ramsdell, representing the fine tailoring and furnishing establishment of Messrs. Bullock & Jones, San Francisco, will visit Portland early in August. Address St. Charles hotel.

THEIR FIRST DEFEAT.

The Shoshones Succumb to the Willamettes 10 to 8

Tom Parrott Beats His Record by Striking Out 22 Batters—The Shoshones in Hard Luck

A large crowd assembled at the Oaks yesterday to see the game between the Shoshones, champions of Idaho, and the Willamettes, which resulted in a victory for the home club. The visitors presented as fine an infield as ever graced an Oregon diamond, and they play good ball. A luckless combination of error and accident gave the Willamettes the game in the sixth inning. The home club got runs in two innings only. In the first inning Willis batted safely to right field. Two wild pitches let him to third. G. Parrott and T Parrott were given bases on balls. Willis scored on a third wild pitch. Neale batted a sharp grounder to left field on which both Parrotts scored. Garson reach first on called balls but the next three batters went out at first on short hits to the in field. In the sixth inning Tom Parrott was given a life by a wild throw of Tibbetts. Neale got to first on called balls. A sacrifice hit by Garson advanced them a base. Drennan reached first on Stuart's fumble, Parrott and Neale scoring. C. Smith's short hit advanced Drennan to third. H. Parrott batted to shortstop, who fielded the ball home to catch Drennan, but Hill failed to hold the ball after touching Drennan. C Smith, meantime reached third. F Smith likewise batted to shortstop, and the same play was attempted, but C Smith ran into Hill, who was standing on the home plate, with such force as to jam the wind out of Hill and temporarily prostrate him. Hill dropped the ball after touching Smith. The Shoshones having no substitute, Calhoun, of the Stars, went in as shortstop and Tibbetts caught the remainder of the game. Willis reached first on an error by Voris, H Parrott and F Smith scoring. At last two more batters were retired, but not till seven runs had been scored.

The visitors scored in four innings. In the first Tibbetts got his base by being hit, stole second and scored on Gamble's safe hit. Devine struck out. The third strike on Stuart was missed, likewise the same on Hill, Gamble scoring. Stuart scored on a passed ball, and this ended the run getting that inning. In the fourth inning errors by F Smith and Neale, and a passed ball let in one run. In the seventh, Burnside's third strike was missed, and Willis let Meehan's sharp grounder get by him. Voris batted a two-bagger to right field, bringing in two runs, and Voris scored on F Smith's wild throw. In the ninth inning one safe hit each by Meehan, Gamble and Devine made the only earned run of the game. As base runners the visitors are immense. The only chance for a brilliant play was Peckover's capture of a fly in left field.

Tom Parrott surprised himself as well as everybody else by scoring twenty-two strike outs. Of these Garson missed three, and the batters reached first five he stopped and fielded out the batters at first, and fifteen he caught. The new catcher was a trifle nervous, but he played pluckily, and many of his stops of Parrott's "down shoots" were remarkably fine. It will be a wonder if Parrot does not disable Garson before the season closes.

There were lots of very close plays, and it was as hard a game to umpire as ever was played at the Oaks, but Marshall's decisions were fair and impartial. Following is

THE SCORE

Willamettes	AB	R	BH	SB	PO	A	E
Willis, ss			1		0	1	1
G Parrott, cf	4	1	1		0	0	0
T Parrott, p	4		0		0		
Neale, 1b	4	1	2		0	0	1
Garson, c	4	0	1				
Drennan, 3b		1	1		1	0	0
C Smith, rf	5	1	0		0	0	0
H Parrott, 2b	[illegible]	1	0		8	0	0
F Smith, lf	4	1	1			0	2
	40	10					

Shoshones	AB	R	BH	SB	PO	A	E
Tibbetts, c	4	1	1				1
Calhoun, ss	5	1	2		0	0	0
Devine, p		0	1				4
Stuart, 2b	[illegible]	1	0		1		1
Hill, c		1	0				
Peckover, lf	4	0	0		1	0	0
Burnside, cf	4	1	0		0	0	0
Meehan, 1b	4	[illegible]	1		0	0	1
Voris, 3b	4	1	1		1		
Calhoun, ss			0		0		1
	39	8	6		21	1	

BY INNINGS

Willamettes	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—	10
Shoshones	3	0	0	1	0	0	3	0	1	8

Runs earned: Shoshones 1. First base on errors: Willamettes [illegible], Shoshones 8. First base on called balls: Willamettes [illegible]. Struck out: Shoshones [illegible], Willamettes 4. Left on bases: Willamettes [illegible], Shoshones [illegible]. Two base hit: Voris. Double play: Garson and H Parrott. Passed balls: Garson 3, Hill 1. Wild pitches: Parrott [illegible], Devine 3. Umpire: Marshall.

NOTES

Will the Shoshones "get onto" Connolly this afternoon.

Yesterday was the first time the Shoshones were defeated this year.

Dickey and Thornell, of the Seattle Reds, were interested spectators.

Hill, the Shoshone catcher, was all right last night and will play this afternoon.

The game to-day between the Shoshones and Portlands will be called at 2 30 sharp.

Tom Parrott had the satisfaction of striking out every one of the visitors—one of them four times.

It was sheer luck that the Willamettes won yesterday. Seven runs in one inning without a single safe hit is one of those surprises in base ball that the crowd is never prepared for.

The nines to-day will be as follows:

Shoshones	Position	Portlands
Hill	Catcher	Timmons
Devine	Pitcher	Conalty
Tibbetts	Short Stop	Bichte
Meehan	First Base	[illegible]
Stuart	Second Base	Glendenning
Voris	Third Base	Edwards
Peckover	Left Field	Cotter
Burnside	Center Field	Coshland
Gamble	Right Field	Mebus

There was a great deal of discussion during the game yesterday, and more after the game, as to whether Drennan and C Smith were out at the home plate, though declared not out by the umpire. That Hill touched them before they reached the home plate was patent to everybody but the ball was knocked out of Hill's hand each time, once when he was himself "knocked out." Section 1 of Rule 57 governing the league covers the case exactly. It reads as follows: "A base runner is out: If at any time while the ball is in play he be touched by the ball in the hand of a fielder, unless some part of his person is touching a base he is entitled to occupy, provided the ball be held by the fielder *after touching him*. * * * "

And Smith's conduct in running into Hill was the subject of comment. It is true Smith had the right of way, and that Hill stood directly on the home plate, but allowing for the eagerness of any ardent player to tally, it looks as if Smith tried to buck Hill off the track.

THE EAST SIDE.

Dissension in a School District—Death of a Well Known Citizen—General Notes

The East Portland *Star* recites the scriptural axiom that "a house divided against itself can not stand," and declares that this is what is the matter with school district No 31, of this city. The *Star* says: "This district comprises Holladay's addition to East Portland and Albina, and the latter portion of the district appears to have lately developed a prejudice against the former that bodes no good to the district at large. By an impolitic and undue combination against the East Portland portion of the district, it has secured the whole board of directors, and also the school clerk, and appears disposed to use the advantage thus gained to the disadvantage of the former. This was apparent at the recent election of teachers for the coming year. The principal at the Holladay addition school, Prof I M Pratt, had given the people of that section such thorough satisfaction during the three years he had occupied that position that they were almost a unit for his retention, and petitioned the board for his re-engagement. Though the board agreed to grant the prayer of the petitioners, their prejudice evidently got the better of them, as they violated their agreement by electing another party."

"THE SAME THING OVER AGAIN."

Rev E T Ingle received a letter last week from a professional gentleman who came to Oregon with him last fall, and opened an office on the east side, but became homesick and went back. Now he writes: "Stay there; don't make a fool of yourself as I did. I have wished myself back in Oregon a hundred times." This is a good way to learn to appreciate Oregon, but it's a trifle expensive.

DEATH OF ORLANDO HATCH.

Orlando Hatch, a well-known resident of Powell's valley, was some time since stricken with paralysis and has lingered in a precarious condition ever since. On Friday evening death came to his relief. Deceased leaves a wife to mourn his departure. The funeral will take place at 1 o'clock to-day from the Baptist church in Powell's valley.

SMALL FIRE QUENCHED

An incipient conflagration on the L street elevated roadway, between Third and Fourth, was quenched by the prompt action of Mr John Collins early yesterday morning. The blaze originated from a cigar or cigarette stump thrown down by some careless passer.

NOTES

Revs S P Wilson and T A Hull returned from Ocean Park yesterday.

Charles Fernau joined the East Portland campers at Long Beach yesterday.

Mrs Thomas Parrott and family left yesterday for a visit to her sister, near Forest Grove.

Mrs Addie Browning and Miss Eva, her daughter, have returned from a brief visit to Baker City.

Isaiah Buckman and his two sisters have returned from a visit to New York, Indiana and other states.

Mrs W B Welch has just returned from a week's sojourn among the grand old oaks of Forest Grove.

Considerable improvement is reported in the condition of Uncle David Powell, and hopes are strongly entertained of his entire recovery.

Mr J L Sperry went down on the Olympian yesterday afternoon to spend Sunday with his family, who are at the East Portland camp at Long Beach. He expects them to return with him to-morrow.

A self binding harvester and several other agricultural implements were consumed in the blaze in W S Ladd's barn on Friday night. During the night the flames spread over and burned several acres of stubble.

A surprise party Wednesday evening at the residence of Mrs Ford, on O street, was in honor of Miss Marie Kendall, her sister. A large number were present, and enjoyed themselves with dancing and refreshments.

Mr Louis Creitz, son of Capt. W P Creitz, will depart to-morrow via the Northern for Leipsic, where he will complete his musical education at the Royal conservatory. Louis is already an accomplished artist on the violin. His friends will expect some fine execution when he returns.

NOTICE

The auction sale advertised to take place at No 188 East Park street, on Monday, the 2d of August, is indefinitely postponed.

GILMAN & CO., Auctioneers.

Don't forget the dance at the Olympic garden to-night.

BURT'S SHOES
AT LEWIS BROS.

"Bear in Mind it's to Your Interest,"
Do Not Invest without Investigation.

[Cut this out and save it to order by.]

PRICE LIST FOR FINE SHOES
—AT—
LEWIS BROS.,
249 First st., bet. Main and Madison.

Mail Orders Solicited.—Any one living out of the city ordering of us will receive the same attention as if in person at our counters. Goods sent C. O. D or until P. O. money order. Goods sent to all parts.

Ladies C Kid in opera toe short vamp medium or low heels	$4 50
Ladies French Kid in medium or common-sense heels, down to	3 75
Ladies French Kid, extra fine light flexible sole reduced to	4 50
Ladies French Kid, the very best wearing, straight last, pointed toes, French heel	5 00
Ladies' Belt Kid, 4 button, low cut and ties, flexible sole	$1 50 and 1 75
Ladies Pebble Goat, button, worked button holes, all sizes, 2½ to 8	1 75
Ladies Toe Slippers, American kid, all styles, 90c, $1.25, 1 05, 1.50	1 75
Ladies Kid Fox Lace in all shapes of toes, sizes 2½ to 8	2 50
Misses Pebble Goat Button in plain or tip toe, sizes 11 to 2	1 25
Misses Curaçoa Kid, button, round or square toe, sizes 11 to 2	1 75
Misses B Calf School Lace Shoes, sizes 11 to 2	1 00
Child's B Calf lace, sizes 6 to 10½	75
Child's Full Stock riveted lace, sizes 8 to 10½	1 00
Child's Goat Glove Kid Top button, 0 to 10½	65
Child's Goat button, toes tipped, 5 to 10½	90 1 25
Child's Curaçoa Kid, button, worked holes with tassels, 5 to 10½	1 50
Infant's Soft Sole Kid, button, all colors, 0 to 3	15
Infant's Goat or Soft Kid, button, sizes 1 to 5, the best wearing.	50

BURT & PACKARD
J W BURT & CO. PACKARD

GET THE BEST,
FOR
THE BEST
IS THE CHEAPEST
IN THE END

FOR STYLE FIT AND WEAR
THIS WELL KNOWN
MAKE OF MEN'S SHOES
IS
UNEXCELLED

LEWIS BROS. sole agency for BURT'S GENTS' SHOES.

Burt's Men's Hand Sewed, in button, lace or congress, in any shape of the latest styles, glove sole, seamless quarters—pronounced the best and most stylish shoe made	7 50

We give Special Inducements to the Trade.

People living out of town can send your orders stating plainly what is wanted and as we have only one price we will allow you the same advantage as city trade. We send C O D express, or if by mail send extra stamps for mailing.

Men's B Calf Congress in French toe, all sizes and warranted	1 1[illegible]
Men's B Calf Congress, fancy tip and seamless, warranted	2 25
Men's B Calf Lace, pointed or broad toes	2 25
Men's Glove Calf low cut, stylish and very easy	4 00
Men's Calf French toe, in button or lace, all styles, as good as $5 50 shoe, for	4 00
Men's Canvas Shoes in all colors, the best makes, all sizes	1 25
Men's French Calf Boots, as good as a $6 custom made boot	4 50
Men's French Kip Boots, as good as a $9 custom made boot	3 75

See Name and Number on the door.
LEWIS BROS.
249 First St., bet. Main and Madison.
In ordering Boots and Shoes, address plainly Country Order Department, Postoffice, Box 823, LEWIS BROS., Portland, Or.

[illegible] S[illegible],
Prescription Druggist.
A FULL LINE OF
Trusses, Supporters, Bandages,
Shoulder-Braces & Sundries.
WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF
FINE PERFUMES,
SOAPS
And Toilet Articles.
Orders from the Country will receive Prompt Attention.
Corner First and Stark sts., Portland, Or.

—FOR—
The Hood and the Glaciers
Stage Leaves Hood River Station every Monday, Wednesday & Saturday at 8 A.M.
C. P. BACKUS, Agent. H. C. COE, Prop'r, Stage Co.

KOEN.
THE CLOTHIER AND HATTER
Cor. Second and Morrison Streets.
— OUR —
Summer Styles
Commencing to-day, until Aug. 1st, we will sell all Hats at cost.

SUMMER STYLES.
Regular price	$6 50 $7 50 $9 00
Reduced price	5 00 6 00 8 00

NANON—In Black, Brown, Nutria.
Regular price	$3 00, $4 00, $5 00
Reduced price	2 50, 3 00, 3 50

HERNANI—In Black, Brown, Nutria.
Regular price	$3 00, $4 00, $5 00
Reduced price	2 00, 3 00, 3 50

FIFTH AVENUE,
In Black, Brown and Pearl.
Regular price $4 00 Reduced price $3 25

THE LEVITT—In Black, Brown, Nutria.
Regular price	$2 50, $3 00, $4 50
Reduced price	1 75, 2 00, 3 00

ROULETTE—In Black and Brown.
Regular price	$3 50, $4 00
Reduced price	3 00, 3 25

AMAZON—In Black and Blue.
Regular price	$3 00, 3 50
Reduced price	2 50, 3 00

BOYS' HATS.
Regular price 75, $1 Reduced price 50c

HELMETS.
Regular price, $1, $1 25 Reduced price [illegible]

THE ENGLISH—Fancy Straw.
Regular price $1 50, $2 Reduced price $1, 1 25

BOYS' STRAW.
Regular price $75c, $1. Reduced price 50c

POLO CAPS.
Men's Silk Polo Caps—Regular price $1,	$1 50
Reduced price 75c,	1 00
Boys' Polo Caps — Reduced price 75c,	1 00
Reduced price 25c,	50

Any of the above Hats sent by express 25c extra. Cash must be accompanied with all orders.

KOEN THE HATTER
N. E. COR. 2d & MORRISON STS.

SEE THE DISPLAY OF
Street Jackets
—AT—
Meier & Frank's
THIS WEEK!

We have purchased a Clearance of Elegant and Stylish Jackets for street wear of all Latest Cuts, from a leading New York maker. In this, as in every other line when we purchase great bargains, we follow our usual policy of promptly offering them to our customers and their friends. They are bargains—less than you can buy materials for. Elegantly and finely made. All Latest Cuts for the Fall season. They will go fast at prices quoted below.

200 Jersey Jackets, all wool, sizes 32 to 44, black, for $3 each.

120 Jersey Jackets, all wool, 32 to 44, black, finer grade, $3 50 each.

250 Jersey Jackets, black and brown, elegant, finest grades in the market, 32 to 44—$6, $6.50 and $7, according to style and trimming.

Boucle Jackets, Boucle Astrachan and Bourette Jackets in mixed colors, solid colors and black.

Tourist Straight-Cuts, Double and Single Vests, etc., etc.

The prices now quoted are less than half what similar lines of previous purchases cost us. Early selections are the best as of some lines we have only the sample garments sent us for Fall Season orders.

WE CONTINUE OUR SALE OF
REMNANTS
In Every Department:

GREAT BARGAINS!

Remnants Silks, Satins, Velvets, Dress Goods, Pattern Suits, Linens, Sheetings, Ginghams, Prints, Lawns, Lace Curtains, Curtain Nets, Laces, Embroideries, Towels, etc., etc., etc.

Still Greater Inducements This Week.

Meier & Frank
185, 187 FIRST, THROUGH TO 184, 186 SECOND,
Between Yamhill and Taylor sts.

N B.—Prices now quoted will not hold over during the regular season. Come early to avoid afternoon crowds.

GREAT SALE!

Great Bargains.

The Most Advantageous Bargains that the most inveterate bargain hunter ever expected to see are now offered by

A. B. STEINBACH & CO.,
The Clothiers and Hatters,
CORNER FIRST AND MORRISON STS.
PORTLAND

SATURDAY, JULY 31,
We begin our Great Sale of
Single Pants
—AT—
Less Than New York Cost.

Our entire stock of Pantaloons, comprising all grades, are offered at their actual cost. Our reason for selling these goods for cost is, that in any of the lines the sizes are broken, and as we always aim to have all sizes that are in demand, we place these before the public at cost.

Our Mr. A. Steinbach is in New York city, having our Fall and Winter Stock manufactured under his personal supervision. He sends us word that his purchases are immense, consequently we will need all our space to store our Fall and Winter Goods, which is another reason for closing out these lines.

CALL EARLY AND SECURE THE
GREATEST BARGAINS EVER OFFERED!
Country Orders Solicited.

A. B. STEINBACH & CO.
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Leather and Saddlery Hardware.
108 and 110 Front St.

DR. NEWCASTLE DENTIST—EAST

SONG OF THE WATER METER.

I'm a wicked water meter, a Pharisaic water meter, with a face of white [illegible] hard enamel trimmed with brass—
But I wear the soft expression of a painted Simon Peter, looking out into the future like a gold fish through a glass—
Click
As a patent fact distorter and a shameless story teller I can beat a circus poster or a stable auctioneer
For I grind such tough narrations in my corner in the cellar you may scrape a Beadle novel from the members of my gear—
Click
Oh the miasmatic matter and the poison which I scatter with the simple name of water un adulterated pure
While my friend the undertaker waxes richer, slicker, fatter, and the druggist's wife and daughter take a European tour—
Click
Oh, I often pause and wonder as I ponder o'er my plunder, pause and wonder why in thunder honest people let me lie
Why they do not rise in anger, tear me limb from limb asunder, and adopt a water meter more ingenuous than I—
Click!
—*San Francisco Wasp.*

YOUNG HORNETS of the HORNETS NEST

AN HISTORICAL STORY OF LOVE AND WAR.

BY E. P. ROE.

AUTHOR OF "OPENING OF A CHESTNUT BURR," "BARRIERS BURNED AWAY," ETC., ETC.

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CHAPTER III.—*Continued.*

All had taken place in far briefer time than has been required in relating the events. The shot had brought Burton galloping back. He had been on the right of the scouting line and not very far off. In obedience to the signal he had retreated slowly and reluctantly, but after the report of the pistol fired by Angus he had no other thought than that of reaching his leader and the boy he loved. George had been startled and perplexed at the four whistles given by other lips than his own. Believing that there must be good reason for them, he began to retrace his steps cautiously, for he had crept very near to the enemy. The shot, however, which came an instant later, gave wings to his feet, and he and Burton met at almost the same moment.

They were too much astonished for a moment to speak as they witnessed the scene before them—the horses gone, a British officer on his back with a dead soldier lying across him, and Angus sobbing, yet ready to use the bayonet should there be any need.

"What on earth does all this mean, Gus?" cried George.

"Take the musket—quick, I'm sick," was the boy's reply.

Burton caught him as he almost fainted in the violent reaction which followed a sense of security and the presence of those for whom he had virtually offered his life.

"Gus, dear Gus, are you wounded?" Burton asked in tones of deep distress, supporting the lad to a fallen tree.

"I don't know," gasped the boy. "I reckon not. I ain't used to such things."

Others of the scouting force now came galloping forward, and George shouted, "Two catch our horses and the rest cover our retreat. You, Zach Wilson, stay and help us." He then tossed the dead soldier to one side and said to the officer, "Rise, if you can. You are a prisoner."

"I suppose I must yield," said the ensign, with a crimson face, "but I'd rather you would shoot and leave me here. To be captured as I've been—"

"No matter, you are captured. Ha! there comes your friends, who may soon turn the tables. Forward here. Each take a tree and drop the first red coat that shows himself. Retire obliquely to the left on the main body. Zach, take the prisoner on the run to the major, who'll have some questions to ask him. Mount, Burton, I'll put Gus up behind you. Go with Zach and the prisoner and report. Take the ensign's sword and pistols with you; they belong to Gus. No time now for explanations. Ah! there comes my horse. There's nothing for us now but to retire skirmishing."

The British infantry advanced rapidly, believing that they had at last found the enemy whom they had been seeking. In the dead soldier they recognized one of their scouts sent out to beat the woods, and the capture of the officer was readily surmised.

Speedily satisfied that an overwhelming force was approaching, George gave in his turn four whistles and with all his men retreated rapidly to the main body.

Angus's horse had been intercepted. So the boy, now mounted again and deeply mortified at his emotion and faintness, began telling the major what had happened, in a shame-faced way. The captured officer, still more embarrassed, stood near, while several smiling veterans looked on and listened. Poor Angus hoped for nothing better than a few reassuring words to the effect that he would eventually get over his qualms and obtain steadier nerves, when, to his unbounded surprise, Graham took him by the hand and said warmly:

"I congratulate you, sir. You are but a boy in years, but no man ever did a braver thing than you did in giving those signals. You have probably saved my brother's life, and have certainly rendered us all a great service. If George had been captured we might have been surprised. I promote you on the spot to the rank of the officer you captured, and guarantee that the governor will confirm my action. Act as my aid for the present. Hi! George, what's your report?"

"The enemy are coming through the woods, first a heavy skirmish line, and then a force that we can't cope with."

"We'll give them a volley before we retire. Judging by young McIntyre here each one of us is good for two Britishers," to his officers, "lead your men forward into the woods a short distance. Keep them in cover as far as possible. Fire deliberately and retire rapidly when the bugle sounds retreat."

These orders were carried out, but the British, so far from being checked, rushed forward savagely, and Graham saw that, with his inadequate force, it was time he retired to some place of safety, for both his men and horses would soon be in sore need of more extended rest and refreshment. Accordingly, he led his men rapidly towards the road, passing for several miles over high ground which would give views of the surrounding country.

Angus rejoiced in the fact that every step taken brought him nearer home, and it must be admitted that by this time he was homesick, indeed. He knew that his mother would hear exaggerated accounts of the fight at Charlotte the night before, and that her anxiety would be beyond description. While the major's words and his promotion had heartened him not a little, he was almost mortally weary and painfully oppressed by the scenes he had passed through. His nerves were becoming unstrung and himself a prey to morbid fancies, which are often hard to combat in times of great physical depression. War was far more terrible than he had ever imagined it to be. He had not dreamed of passing through such experiences when he had ridden away in the sunny noon of the previous day. Expecting merely to gather the news, possibly to fire a few shots at long range from behind good cover, he had, on the contrary, found himself drawn into a whirlpool of strife and compelled to face emergencies calculated to shake the nerves of a veteran. He could not get over the terrible awe inspired by the fact that he had faced death himself, and, what was worse, that he had inflicted death.

Burton was older and took things more lightly than Angus. Perhaps, also, he was not capable of receiving such deep impressions as his young comrade, and, moreover, his experience had not been so tragic. He generously exaggerated all the major's praise and even made the boy laugh, as they pursued their march, by a comical picture of the scene. "Tell you what, 'tis, Gus, when you upset that British officer you stuck a taller feather in your cap than any of the rest of us young fellows will ever obtain. How Ella will crow over you and your trophies. You have a pair of pistols that anyone might be proud of, and the ensign's sword is much more suited to your hand than the big sabre I picked up for you last night."

"There'll be too much cooing when we two meet to leave time for crowing," said the boy. "I own up that the cavalry sabre that you captured for me is too heavy for my use yet, but I shall never forget the risk you took in getting it for me. I say, Burton, please don't tell 'em home how I cried like a baby and came near fainting. I shall tell the major that I'll try to act as his aid if he wants me to after I've seen 'em all at home, but I won't be an officer, or take command of men. Confound it! something might happen that would make me blubber before them all. Only a man's fit to command men."

"Don't you fret about being a man. Your gristle will harden mighty fast the next few weeks."

"Ah, Burton, I don't feel sure of seeing the next few hours. See, there's a troop of cavalry following us."

"Come, brother Gus, you're tired to death, and, therefore, blue. All the rest of us know that any one so plucky and lucky is bound to live through everything and make a name. The ensign you captured said that Major Hanger, who commanded the cavalry, was wounded, and I believe it was your shot that knocked him over," and so he strove to cheer and rally the boy into his usual courage and hopefulness.

The pursuing force of the enemy's cavalry being small, Graham was induced by his officers to form his men in line on the brow of a hill and await an attack. The action was rather contrary to his judgment, for he believed that other and larger bodies of troops must be in the vicinity. The foe, perceiving his defensive attitude, approached so slowly and warily, and began firing at such long range that he was soon led to suspect that their attack was only a feint to detain him, and he expressed his fears to his officers, but they, for a time, overruled his desire to continue the retreat.

At last, but all too late, he resumed his march. As his little force approached a crossroad they saw a large body of English troops riding rapidly forward to intercept them. Sharp and shrill the bugle sounded, forward, gallop! and away they went, receiving shots in the flank and rear as they passed the fatal point.

It now became a question of speed and endurance on the part of the horses, for the pursuing force so far outnumbered the partisans as to render resistance hopeless. Unfortunately, the vicinity was open and the road bordered by high stone walls, therefore there was no chance to distract the enemy by dispersing and seeking concealment.

The intrepid Graham reined in his horse and took his place at the rear of the flying column, seeking, as was his custom, the point nearest the enemy. His brother George, Burton and Angus followed his example and kept near his side. The face of the young major was pale and stern, showing that his headlong flight was galling in the extreme. His hand was often on his sabre hilt as if it was hard for him to resist the impulse to turn upon the enemy. Tears were again in Angus's eyes and he believed he must die, for he saw that the British troopers were gaining upon them. With dogged resolution, however, he kept his eyes on the major that he might obey the least sign. Again the supreme thought of duty, and his purpose to do it, no matter how greatly he shrunk and trembled, stood him in great stead, keeping him at the post of honor and danger. Burton was in a rage, his hot blood chafing at the necessity of flight. His eyes, however, were often and wistfully turned upon Ella's brother. To cool George Graham the affair was taking on the aspect of a problem. His gray eyes from time to time measured the distance that intervened between them and their pursuers and then searched the road in advance for a piece of wood in which they could scatter, but only flying forms were seen obscurely through clouds of dust.

Nearer and nearer thundered the British troopers, their hoarse shouts and yells becoming every moment more terribly distinct.

"Joe, they are gaining on us," said George, quietly.

"I know it. I wouldn't mind it for myself so much, but I can't endure to see my men cut up. Save yourself any way you can. Ah! they are beginning to fire on us."

"I say, Joe, Gus McIntire has a fresher horse than any of us. Send him forward with orders for each man to save himself as best he can. It will give the boy a chance."

"Glad you reminded me. Ensign McIntire, ride swiftly up the line and say, in passing, each man for himself."

The boy spurred forward, shouting the order in his terror, his fine fleet horse carrying him eventually to the head of the line. Hemmed in by fences as they were, nothing yet was left for the hard-pressed partisans but to continue straight on.

The horses of the pursuers were in a fresher and better condition than those of the pursued, and now, after a keen run of nearly two miles, the enemy gained rapidly. Bullets began to fly in increasing numbers among the partisans and now and then a poor fellow went down.

"Ah!" came from the major in involuntary exclamation.

"Are you hit, Joe?" asked George.

"Yes, twice. You and Craige save yourselves if you can. It's up with me; I can merely sell my life dearly when they catch up," and he drew his sabre.

George's only reply was to draw his also. At that moment Burton's horse on the other side went down and the young fellow was thrown violently into the ditch by the roadside where he lay motionless.

"Curse the red devils!" muttered George, with a swift glance at his friend, but he rode on, watchful of his brother.

He and the major were falling behind for the latter had ceased to spur his horse and was confused from the shock of his bullet wounds. The yells of the foremost pursuers were in their very ears. But a few more leaps of their horses would bring them abreast. Great clouds of dust rose up, through which George, looking over his shoulder, saw obscure forms and gleaming sabres.

"I'm hit again," cried the major. "Fly, George, fly. I shall fight and die here," and he partially turned his horse to carry out his purpose.

At that instant a pistol bullet struck George's horse and stung with the pain, he leaped forward a dozen paces beyond control. As the brave young fellow turned with the impulse to fight if I die with his brother he saw him go down under what seemed many sabre strokes and then the dust hid him from view. With the celerity of light the thought flashed through George's mind, "I can do nothing," and in that moment of obscurity he flung himself from his horse, crawled to the roadside and lay motionless, face downward as if dead. The British troopers, shouting in their mad exultation, swept past, and his ruse was successful.

Although Angus had spurred his horse almost frantically, it took him some little time to reach the head of the column for all the partisans were pushing their jaded steeds to the utmost. By the time he caught up with the most advanced the wall on the left of the road ended and there was opened to the pursued a rough broken field with clumps of trees which thickened until they formed a part of an extended forest. Into this the partisans streamed, each one striking out for himself and scattering as far as possible.

Angus hesitated a moment. What should he do? As the major's aid, was it not his duty to return to him. He felt that it was. He had merely been sent forward to give an order and nothing had been said about his future action. He was not sure that the order was meant to apply to him also, and he had the impression that it was always the duty of an aid to return to his chief. Moreover, Burton and George were still with Graham, as he believed, and it would be disgraceful to ride away and leave them. He felt that he must go back and share the fate of those to whom he was bound by every tie the battlefield permits, but God only knew what the effort cost him. These thoughts passed through his mind in one terrible moment. His brave faithful will could again control his action but not his young, unburdened nature, and, crying bitterly, he turned his horse to report to the major who now lay bleeding and helpless by the roadside. His tears and the dust blinded him as he rode slowly backward, every instant expecting that Graham and his friends would appear among the flying partisans. Bullets were whizzing about him. The yells of the British troopers sounded like the cries of demons. Suddenly his horse was struck by a furiously galloping steed coming from the opposite direction. He had only time to feel that his animal had lost its footing on the ditch side and to take his feet from the stirrups when he fell and lost consciousness. His horse struggled up again and galloped away without him. His head had struck against a stone and had it not been for his coon skin cap the blow might have been fatal.

When at last he revived the pursuit had passed. He sat up and looked around greatly confused and bewildered. Two men down the road were lifting a body over the fence. They appeared familiar. An instant later he sprang up and ran toward them crying, "Burton, George."

"By the blessed powers of heaven, if there ain't Gus!" said Burton. "Thank God we're together again and the major isn't dead either, though he seems all cut to pieces."

"Hasten every second counts now," cried George. "The enemy may be on us at any moment. See, there's the gully yonder leading down to a little thicket. You carry our weapons, Gus, and scud away, while we bring on the major. Our only chance is to get to cover as soon as possible."

They reached the gully unobserved, and, working their way down it, soon buried themselves in a dense thicket; then, panting and trembling from excitement, looked into each other's faces. Before they could begin explanations, the major feebly gasped "water."

Fortunately, there was a little pool near, which had been left from a recent rain. Although it was hot and almost stagnant, it was sweet to the parched lips of the wounded man, and also quenched the intolerable thirst of the others.

"Now, boys," George began, "we must talk in whispers. We shall have to lie close till dark. There ought to be a house somewhere off here to the right beyond that piece of woods."

"There is," said Angus. "I know it well, and it isn't more'n four miles from our place. Oh dear! to think we're so near home and yet can't get there."

"Well, Gus," remarked Burton, with a grim laugh, "our chances are amazingly better than they were a little while ago. There was a time when I said good-by to every one."

"How did you escape?" asked the boy.

"Horse shot, thrown over his head and stunned. That's all my story. As it turned out, the poor brute couldn't have done me better service. The first one I saw on his feet was George trying to lift the major. Now for your yarn, George."

He explained what the reader already knows, adding, "I played possum to such good purpose that I was left for dead." Meanwhile he was examining and bathing his brother's wounds. "Good God!" he exclaimed. "I believe we could save Joe if we could only get him to a house."

"Do you think we could venture out before dark?" asked Angus wistfully. "I feel as if I could take almost any risk to get away."

"The chances are that we wouldn't get away," George began.

"No, boys," said the major, feebly. "You must stay in cover. I'm in command yet and I order you to take not one risk on my account."

"Shut up, Joe, and save your strength," said his brother. "You may give all the orders you please, but we shall do what we believe is best for you. You're going to get well and make the red coats pay for this day."

"As God wills," said the young officer, quietly.

"Well," replied George, brusquely, "I reckon God often wills what we do if we set our teeth and do our best. Come, Gus, tell us how you appeared on the scene so opportunely."

"I made a baby of myself again," began the boy, hanging his head. "I yelled out the major's orders all along the line, and if anything could have made the fellows go faster my terror stricken voice must have done so. By the time I caught up with the leading ones there was a wide field on the left, and our men scattered in that. Never in my life was I so tempted to do anything as I was to ride after them, but I felt that I ought to come back to the major—"

"Come back!" exclaimed George, suspending his work to stare at the boy.

"Oughtn't an aid to come back after giving an order?" asked the boy.

"Well, yes, as a rule, but the order applied to you as well as the rest."

"I didn't know that. I should have been only too glad had I thought so then. I'm glad now it's all turned out as it has."

"Well, well, but how did you escape a split crown?" George asked.

Angus explained, and was surprised to find the major's hand on his as he sat near.

"Brave boy," whispered the wounded man, his eyes eloquent with approval.

Burton put his arm around the lad's neck and said, with a laugh, "Yes, Gus, you made a baby of yourself just as you did before when we found you blubbering over one man killed and another captured."

"Please don't praise me any more," said Angus, irritably. "I've been frightened out of my wits twice to-day already."

"I only wish," George began, "that I had a regiment of such—Ha! silence."

A boisterous laugh was borne to them on the breeze.

CHAPTER IV.

THE AMBUSCADE.

"The enemy are returning," said George, "and now comes the critical moment. Burton, crawl to the edge of the thicket whence you can see the road. If they decide to search this spot we must take to our heels and lead pursuit away from the major."

In the meantime he cut bushes and stuck them in the ground about the prostrate form of his brother so thickly that one could scarcely see him even a few feet away. Burton, from the edge of the thicket, saw the British troopers advancing up the road, laughing, jesting, and boasting of their achievements. Only a small squad passed and our young partisans at last concluded that the main body of their foes had returned to Charlotte by another road. The English soldiers, satisfied that none of their own number had been wounded and left on the road, finally disappeared, leaving their dead and disabled foes to be eventually cared for by their friends. At last the region that had witnessed such wild and tragic scenes seemed utterly deserted.

"I begin to think we can venture to strike out for the farmhouse," said Burton. "I'm going to crawl to that white oak yonder. From its top I can get a view of the road for a long distance and also of the surrounding country. I'm becoming famished and actually weak from want of food, and I reckon you two are in the same plight."

"Well, go ahead," said George, "but keep close to the ground. We're in no condition to take risks now."

(To be continued.)

SHASTA JOHN AND SON

From B. F. Dowell's petition and others asking pay for the depredations of the Indians.

IV. John, the chief of the Shasta, and subchief of the Rogue river Indians, and his son Adam, deserve a passing notice in this petition. John and Adam were both natives of Shasta valley, California.

Early in the spring of 1852 B. F. Dowell formed the acquaintance of John in Yreka. As he entered the town he met John with nine other Indians coming out of Yreka. Three of the Indians were drunk, and one of them was raving like a mad man, and John bought a rope from our attorney, to tie this boisterous, drunken Indian, so his companions could take him out of town. John was doing a good deed, and our attorney was favorably impressed with his features and general demeanor. He always thought his features, height and shape resembled Gen. Andrew Jackson.

The Indians bought and sold whisky in Yreka and Jacksonville at their will and pleasure until after the soldiers were stationed at Fort Jones in the spring of 1852, and at Jacksonville until after close of the Rogue river war in the fall of 1853. They early learned all the vices of the whites and many fights took place between the Indians and whites while both were under the influence of whisky. Indians are mere brutes when drunk, and bad whites under such circumstances showed them but little mercy.

Whisky, war, pestilence and famine drove John and a few of his nation to the headwaters of Applegate and Stewart's creek in Oregon, where they were soon joined by some of the most blood thirsty of the Rogue river Indians.

John was not present at the time the Table Rock treaty was first signed by the head chiefs, Joe, Sam and Jim. He fled to the upper waters of Applegate creek, but was followed into the mountains by Gen. Lane, with a few men, and with the general's and superintendent Palmer's promises to feed and clothe him and his warriors, John signed the treaty, and he and his people went upon the Table Rock Indian reservation to live, and, according to his story, in place of living he stayed there until he and his band nearly starved. He always, when a pretext offered, was on the war path. After the war was over and after he had been on the new reservation in Northern Oregon, he tried to stir up sedition and get the Indians again to go on the war path. For this offense Superintendent J. W. Nesmith (late senator) had him and his son, Adam, arrested by the military and sent to Alcatraz, California.

On the steamer between Portland and San Francisco John and his son rebelled at the idea of their imprisonment, and they made a desperate fight to capture the steamer, or for freedom. Adam was shot in the leg, and they were finally subdued and imprisoned at Alcatraz. Adam's leg was cut off, and he has worn a cork leg ever since. After the republicans came into power and William Rector was appointed superintendent, he petitioned Mrs. Rector to allow him to come home to die among his people. His request was granted. Soon after his return to the reservation General Palmer and the writer of this petition were walking along the road on the reservation and we met Tyee John. He cordially shook hands with the writer and said in plain English "How do you do Mr. Dowell?" But he only nodded his head to the late superintendent. His manner and style was so cool that the writer of this article inquired: "Oh John, don't you remember General Palmer?" John vindictively replied, "*Nika hias cumtux Palmer. Palmer wake close tum tum. Hias cluna nawkut wake pot lach boyou ict is, wake pot lach boyou muc amuk* [illegible]," meaning the superintendent was a bad man, that he had willfully lied to the Indians at Rogue river, to get them on the reservation by falsely promising them blankets, horses and farming implements and plenty of as good food to eat as the whites.

The writer earnestly and truthfully represented the great Indian Tyee, that Gen. Palmer was a good and truthful man, and that it was not Palmer, but congress who was to blame for Palmer's apparent falsehoods for not furnishing the Indians with tools, blankets and houses and plenty of good things to eat. But it was no use, the great "Siwash Tyee" lived and died believing Gen. Palmer a great liar and treacherous public official. John was a brave, proud and haughty Indian, and self willed, but he was not the only brave Indian who heard Superintendent Palmer talk at the council ground that thought Mr. Palmer false to them and wholly unworthy of credit. George, Limpy and Tipsy, the three great war chiefs, all expressed the same idea. It is not strange that brave, wild, uneducated Indians like George, John, Limpey and Tipsy, who believed for upwards of two years that the government had lied, cheated and defrauded them, that they should plot the destruction of property and form alliances to exterminate the whole white race.

The regular army was so small they could have easily whipped it out if the volunteers had not come to the rescue of the settlers and the United States troops.

Recently Adam had a falling out with the Indian agent, and he has gone back to the land of fish, fruit and flowers, on his one good leg and with the aid of his cork or wooden leg. No doubt he still detests white civilization and the Table Rock treaty.

He is the last hereditary king of a once powerful nation, and the most war-like of any tribe in California or Oregon. He is a general without a soldier, a king without a subject, a deserter from civilization and a solitary wanderer over the land and graves of his forefathers.

A MEMORY.

The grey cathedral towers
Against a quiet sky,
About its turrets far and faint
The jackdaws call and fly
The placid precinct dozes
And through low lindens nigh,
All steeped in the mellow afternoon
The canon's niece goes by.

Her hair is aureole yellow,
And grave and blue her eye,
The choir chants drowsy from within,
The organ hums reply,
She moves and smiles sedately
My bow is flushed and shy—
The painted Burgess o'er her stall
Knows well the reason why.
—*W. E. Henley.*

AT THE GRAVE OF A SUICIDE.

BY MRS. S. M. B. PIATT.

You sat in judgment on him—you whose feet
Were set in pleasant places; you, who found
The Bitter Cup he dared to break still sweet,
And shut him from your consecrated ground.

Come if you think the dead man sleeps a whit
Less soundly in his grave—come I pray
A violet has consecrated it
Henceforth you need not fear to walk this way.

UNDER OBLIGATIONS.

OR

THE TRAGEDY OF A SUMMER NIGHT.

BY LILY CURRY.

AUTHOR OF "A BOHEMIAN TRAGEDY," "THE PEACOCK PORTIERRE," "THE SEA WALL SPECTRE," ETC.

(Copyright, [illegible])

CHAPTER XXIV.

"You are quite a stranger," Natalie said, in a tone of surprising dispassion.

Boyne forced a short laugh.

"It is precisely two days since I was here."

"Two days," she repeated thoughtfully. "Only two days since then."

He was taking off his coat as she spoke and thus had turned his face away. When he had done this and seated himself in an easy chair, he found her regarding him closely, almost suspiciously.

"You are not looking well," she said. "You look different from what I have ever seen you. You seem disturbed."

Boyne threw his head back and passed his hand over his forehead.

"I have a wretched headache," he replied. "Dissipation, I suppose. Don't you know something to drive it off?"

"Let me try," she said, and standing behind his chair began to pass her soft hands gently over his forehead as the tenderest sister might have done.

He drew a deep breath of relief. It had seemed as if he could not bear to look her in the eyes.

By the time she had finished stroking his forehead he had composed himself and thought of several things to say.

Natalie sat down in her little rocking chair by the window, where she could look into the street, and where, also, the light fell strong upon her face. Boyne could see strange lines about the nose and mouth. He fancied moreover, there was a pinched look, as of one near death. He glanced about the room now and remarked the trunk which she had drawn out of the inner chamber.

"Looks like a journey," he suggested.

"Yes," Natalie was perfectly composed. "Of course you knew we were going West."

"I heard something, I believe. And you really expect to go?"

He could not tell what reply she made, for at that instant he bethought himself of something which till then, strangely enough, had not entered his thoughts. Natalie knew that he must have known of Le Barron's engagement to Helen Falconer. This was overwhelming for the moment, but he had to bear it as best he might. Recovering himself he heard her speaking on another subject.

"Have you seen Angel lately?"

He answered with some reluctance.

"Yes, I saw her last evening for the first time in weeks. I was almost ashamed to venture near her. She was very good, however, never once scolded me. The truth is I've been going it pretty hard in society lately. Had to lead a german the other night—first time in my life."

Her next word startled him like a pistol shot, though her voice was low and even.

"You led with Miss Falconer."

"How did you know?" he asked, presently.

"Why, of course, I saw it in the papers."

"I thought you never read society gossip."

"I never used to. I do of late, however."

Boyne shivered. What might all this portend?

She spoke again, concerning Angel Orme.

"I suppose she is well? She has not been to see me for a long time."

"She looked extremely well—was in excellent spirits." Boyne determined now that nothing whatever should startle him. He waived anxiety and seemed to brighten with the resolve.

"I called at Mrs. Barrett's," he said, "and took Angel home. We were a good while making the trip—from 9 to 1. We stopped to sup on the way."

Natalie smiled faintly.

"I hope she wasn't scolded for coming home late. I fancy they are very strict with her."

"Hem! I hardly think she was. She had the night key, and I don't believe the stairs creaked once beneath her. The way she opens the hall door is a sight. It would put a house-breaker to shame. Key in the right hand, left hand feels for the keyhole. In she goes—I mean the key—slowly, surely, noiselessly, till just in the right spot and then the lock slides; then the knob is turned steadily and the door opens without a murmur. I remember one night, however, she went through all this to the letter, and when the door was at last opened there stood her uncle in front of her. 'It's only me, uncle,' she remarked, most innocently. 'I am coming in softly not to disturb poor auntie. How is her headache?'"

It seemed to him he must keep up a show of converse, yet he would have given much to have been out of the place. Why did not Le Barron appear and so furnish excuse for his withdrawal? What would happen next?

Natalie had been gazing out of the window and rocking to and fro in her little chair.

She turned toward him again and stopped the motion of the chair completely. "Wouldn't you be sorry," she began abruptly, "wouldn't you be sorry if Angel Orme should fall in love with you?"

"What—put—that—into your head?" he questioned slowly. "Such an improbable—"

"But not impossible!" Her voice had a keen, cutting sound. "Didn't you ever think of such a possibility?"

Boyne remained silent.

"Why don't you answer me?" Her voice was still sharp and unmusical. "Wouldn't you be sorry?"

"Yes," he faltered, presently, "I would be sorry."

"You don't wish her any harm, do you?" Natalie persisted. She was leaning forward to look in his face.

"No, no," he cried, swiftly, "how could I wish her harm?"

"I want to tell you something, then—to give you some advice. Will you take advice from me?" What mingled bitterness and pathos he found here.

"Your advice could only be for my good, I am sure," he answered gently.

"Then never let her see your face again."

Boyne's countenance wore a serious expression. "I have thought of late," he began, "when—"

The door opened, admitting Le Barron.

Boyne shivered apprehensively. Would Natalie maintain her calmness?

Le Barron was looking much as usual.

He greeted Natalie with a nod, then spoke to Boyne.

"You here?"

"I have been here quite a while. I am going now. This dear little woman has charmed away the headache that was making me miserable. She has given me some excellent advice, besides. You didn't happen to be listening at the door, did you?" He had risen and was putting on his coat.

Le Barron took the chair vacated by his friend and stretched himself lazily out.

"You might congratulate me," he said. "I am just from the directors' meeting. I came out ahead, of course."

Natalie now spoke for the first time. To Boyne her self control seemed something amazing, inexplicable.

"Will you tell us about it?"

"In due time. There's another meeting in a day or two—mere form—when I am to step up, and Mr. Brown, our esteemed ex-president, is to step down and out."

"Brown is 'used up,' I gather," suggested Boyne.

Le Barron responded in a strangely merciless voice.

"Yes, he was 'used up' to-day. I tell you, I had my satisfaction in seeing him get up there with the tears running down his cheeks, and try to justify himself."

"What had he done?" asked Natalie, mildly.

Le Barron made an impatient gesture.

"Women never understand anything. Why, he was as mean a man as ever walked the earth."

Boyne was opening the door.

"Well, good-bye," he said, as lightly as he could. "Don't quarrel, children." The door closed. Le Barron waited a little, then spoke with a faint sneer.

"Aren't you sorry I came in to interrupt the curing process?"

Natalie seemed not to have heard. She sat down again in her little rocker and pointing presently to the trunk in a farther corner, spoke in an ordinary voice.

"You see I am all ready to start to-morrow. Everything is packed."

"Yes," he answered, deliberately, "I see. It is a pity you have packed so early. We shall not leave to-morrow."

Natalie did not move from her seat.

"Why not?" she asked.

"Because, as I said before, the directors will hold another meeting the first of the week. My presence is absolutely necessary."

Natalie considered.

"Then, I suppose, we can start on Tuesday."

"The meeting is Tuesday."

"Wednesday, then."

"Well, probably."

"I can unpack what is really necessary without any trouble," she said, composedly.

He must have felt something unnatural in her gaze, for he put up his hands to shade his eyes.

"You are not very entertaining to-day," he presently observed.

"Did you come to be entertained?" asked Natalie in a tone of surprise.

He put down his hand and looked at her sharply.

"You are not yourself," he said, "I should like to know what Boyne has been saying."

"He said very little. His headache concerned him chiefly."

"What's the use of lying?" he asked coarsely.

But Natalie resented nothing.

He arose by and by and walked uneasily about the room.

"Do you want to go to the theatre to-night?" he finally asked.

Natalie hesitated but a moment. He was not joking, she felt certain.

"I'll see if Boyne will get Angel," he said, "and form a party."

He did not leave immediately. He seemed to slip gradually into a pleasant humor. He grew amiable, affectionate. It was like the past once more and Natalie could have been so happy, but for the knowledge of his great treachery—the knowledge that followed her about and peered over her shoulder like the shadow of death.

It was after five and dusk was creeping on when he took his departure, promising to procure seats for the theatre and, if possible, to return by seven and dine with her.

As he went down the stairway he met a messenger boy coming up, letter in hand.

He paused and spoke quietly to the boy.

"Have you something for Fredericks?"

The boy read the address doubtfully.

Le Barron answered without a second's hesitation.

"Ah, yes—my wife. She is not in. I will sign for it."

Five minutes later the boy had disappeared and the gentleman was passing out through the vestibule, having placed the letter unopened in his pocket.

He waited until he had reached the avenue before breaking the seal. Then he read and re-read the letter with a sphinx-like expression of countenance.

I would have been with you this morning, but had not seen the person I wished to see. This afternoon, knowing whom you expected I dared not come. Be brave. All must turn out right. To-morrow early I will come to you.

Without signature he would have recognized the large and characteristic hand-writing of his late betrothed.

When he had read and re-read a half-dozen times, he replaced the letter in his pocket and turned toward the street in which he lived.

"I think we will not go to the theatre, after all," he said in a curious voice.

From the Albemarle he sent two messages, one to Natalie, informing her that a business engagement would prevent his return that evening, the other to Boyne asking him to come over immediately.

When Boyne arrived not long after, Le Barron spoke rather abruptly.

"I understand the whole business. I advise you to keep out of this affair. When any one plays me false, he usually repents later on."

Then he lay open before his friend the intercepted letter.

Early next morning Miss Falconer appeared at Natalie's apartment.

"You received my notes of course," she said.

"Your notes. I received one, the afternoon you promised to come."

"And last night?"

"Last night?"

"I sent a messenger at five o'clock."

"I did not get it."

"Perhaps you were out."

"No. I was here, and he was here. He went away about that time. He promised to return with theater tickets, but he broke his word."

The women gazed in silence at each other. Perhaps a faint suspicion crossed the mind of either.

"Did he speak of going away?" Helen asked anxiously.

"There is another meeting Tuesday, at which he must be present. He said he would start on Wednesday."

"Thank heaven. That gives us more time to consider what is best. How did he appear yesterday?"

"Much as usual."

"And you betrayed nothing?"

"Nothing, whatever, I am sure."

"But the message that failed to reach you?"

"I think," said Natalie very slowly, "I think he must have received and read it."

CHAPTER XXV.

Three weary days had passed and Natalie graduated from feverish suspense to the chill of despair. Le Barron had not been near her since Thursday and Monday had come. In the interval she had heard from him but once—a brief note explaining that business absorbed his every moment and the inclosure of some money. The sight of the bills had sickened her. A great pain had gnawed at her heart as she held them in her hand and a rhyme of lines which she read somewhere long previous, had run insistent through her brain.

Some things which are not yet enrolled
In market lists are bought and sold.

No one had come to her since Friday, not even Helen Falconer. It was desolate, hideously desolate! She was waiting there alone for—God knew what—death perhaps.

Surely death could be no bitterer than her sufferings of the past week. Surely death could be no darker than the future staring at her—the near, near future. For she received herself no longer. He had made an outcast of her, he whom she had loved beyond her own life. To him she was no better than the dust beneath his feet. He had wearied of her. He would never care for her again.

She threw herself face downward on the floor and cried to heaven in her agony, cried long and loud for succor—or for death.

But the only answer was the throbbing of her heart and the beating of the blood upon her brain, in which she seemed to hear one word repeated, constant and terrible, "Death, death, death!"

She could not sob away that gnawing pain; she could not rid herself of one least agonizing thought. She could only waste her little strength. Only, as she lay there with her face upon the carpet, a strong and horrible hate seemed to have sprung up in her bosom, twin agony to that love of hers, and even for the same being. She could hate and love at once, she found strange power this!

She was able to rise by and by and throw herself into the easy chair. She had scarcely shed a tear in all her grief, but she was cold and exhausted.

The afternoon was well advanced, when some one came slowly up the staircase and entered without knocking.

It was Le Barron.

"What is the matter with you?" His greeting was not especially tender; his expression was wholly that of distrust. "You seem out of sorts."

Natalie did not reply at once. Perhaps she paused to analyze the curious twin passions of her heart and their conflicting labors. Hate pointing to his deceit, his treachery, his lies. Love, pleading for the past, which had been such sweet illusion.

"I am feeling ill," she answered, in a hollow voice.

"You have had company to-day, I suppose," he said next.

"I have had no company for three days." She spoke as if something were choking her.

"No?"

What right had he to stand there sneering at her? White lines had come about her lips.

"No!" I said.

"No headache patients to cure?"

Natalie did not move; her dark eyes blackened with anger in her colorless face.

He kept on taunting her, he, who now knew she must know his treachery.

"You have such miraculous powers," he said. "It is quite a pity more gentlemen are not permitted to avail themselves."

"Will you repeat that?" she cried suddenly, springing to her feet.

"No you heard it."

"And you wish to insult me—"

"Come," he cried sharply. "Don't try that high hand with me."

She snatched a vase from the little centre table—a vase in which were dried up flowers a week old and ill-smelling water—and hurled it at his head. It struck the wall behind him with a crash, the water stained the olive wall paper, and broken porcelain bestrewed the floor.

He stared at her dumb with surprise.

"You'd better leave this place and me. You said I never should be unhappy. I could kill you! There is some of your money in my purse, money isn't everything. You have made an outcast of me. I hate you for it. I could kill you. You, who are you, that you should cast me down and trample on me?"

He gazed steadily at her.

"Have you been drinking?" he sneered.

She stared as if struck.

"No, curse you! I haven't, and you know it. Leave this room, or I'll choke you!"

He—laughed.

An hour before it would have been preposterous to even imagine Natalie saying, "Curse you!" And yet he heard it now with his own ears.

Immediately he had laughed he grew sober.

"Very well," he said. "I have had quite enough of this. I have done with you for good, understand that," and turning about he left the place.

Natalie staggered to the sofa and fell upon it stunned.

It was almost dark when some one tapped and entered with a basket. She had strength enough to see it was the caterer's boy—no more. When he had gone she still sat there, alone. Her throat was dry and parched. Her hand was icy on her head, which throbbed with pain. She could not rise to close the door which the boy had left ajar. Her heart beat so violently it shook the sofa. Then she knew nothing until some one touched her gently and a familiar voice spoke her name.

"Natalie. Good God! What's the matter? Let me light the gas."

"Nat, is that you?" The light seemed to blind her completely. She moaned in a piteous fashion.

Boyne drew up a chair and sat down.

"Poor little child! What has happened? You have a fever. Have you been ill long?"

"Just this afternoon."

"Was the major here?"

"Yes, he was here. We quarreled. Oh Nat, don't let him know—don't let him know I said—we quarreled!"

"No, no. And there's your dinner waiting. Don't you want some tea. Tea is good for fever. But you must have a doctor." He paused and spoke to himself. "I believe she's out of her head; her eyes are queer."

"Natalie, Natalie, I'm going up to the Albemarle to tell Le Barron you are ill. We'll be back directly. Do you hear, Natalie?"

She only moaned, so he rushed away at once.

Le Barron was dressing for dinner when Boyne rushed into his room.

"Natalie's ill. I just came from her. You must go over quick!"

Le Barron gazed serenely at him and replied,

"I am going out. I have an engagement this evening."

"Hang the engagement. I tell you Natalie is very ill."

Le Barron continued to adjust his white necktie.

"What seems to be the matter," he inquired. "She was well enough when I last saw her."

"I don't know what it is. Come, don't delay."

"What are you talking about?" Le Barron asked coolly. "I have done with her. Didn't she tell you?"

"Oh, I know you. I suppose you had a quarrel. But that's nothing when a woman's dying?"

But the major continued his toilet. Boyne began to stare.

"You don't mean to—to desert the poor girl—"

"I have an engagement."

Boyne's color deepened until his very eyelids were crimson.

"Well!" he cried at last. "This goes beyond me." He turned to the door. "I don't pretend to be half the man you are," he said with emphasis, "but, by G—d, if Angel Orme were in Natalie's place, I'd never play the dog's part towards her—and I'm not under obligations to her either."

He flung the door open.

"Hold on," commanded Le Barron.

The door closed again.

"Did she send for me?"

"Send for you? She's unconscious. I found her lying on the sofa, in the dark—supper untouched—door ajar—friendless—desolate. I'm going back to her. I won't desert a woman so."

"Wait a little," said the major mildly. "I'll go with you. I have changed my mind."

CHAPTER XXVI.

The fever having subsided, Natalie stirred and looked about her. The room was filled with a garish mixture of early morning and sickly gaslight. Some one had placed quilts and pillows about her and loosened her dress.

Le Barron reclined in the easy chair at her side; his eyes were closed. She lay quietly watching him until he opened them and looked at her.

"What time is it?" she questioned faintly.

"It's 5 o'clock—morning."

"When did you come?"

"I've been here all night."

"All alone?"

"Nat was here till midnight."

"I am sorry," she said slowly.

"For what?"

"That I have given you so much trouble."

"It was nothing. There will be a nurse here shortly. Nat went to arrange. The doctor has just gone."

She was silent a space, then spoke in the tone of a child about to cry.

"I—I am sorry."

He looked perplexed.

"Are you in pain?"

"No. Please sit closer."

As he complied she raised her shaking hand and laid it on his shoulder.

"I should not have done—" she began. "I was wild—crazy—you will forget it all?"

"Yes, yes, of course. Don't fret," he answered evenly. "Would you like anything?"

"Nothing. Are you going away?"

"Not till some one comes."

The nurse arrived not long after, and took unquestioning charge of everything. Le Barron gave a few directions and went away. He was inclined to agree with the nurse that it would be well to draw the bed into the parlor—the bed chamber being less airy. He would try to return in a few hours, he said.

The morning had nearly passed. The nurse had succeeded in improving the aspect of the room and putting the sick one properly to bed. It was a bright day outside; sunlight streamed through the windows and shamed the red coals in the grate. There was a dripping sound upon the outer sills as of a thaw.

Natalie's fever rose again; she grew highly delirious. The doctor had not appeared.

The nurse sat presently to rest her at the bed side, her hands were folded on her clean, white apron. She closed her eyes, and would, perhaps, have cared to doze, when some one knocked.

It was Helen Falconer, who spoke then through the half opened door.

"Mrs. Fredericks! She is not ill?" After considerable argument the nurse admitted her reluctantly, and with many protestations.

"I am her nearest friend," Miss Falconer said, with reproachful insistence. She went to the bedside and took Natalie's burning hand.

"Don't you know me, dear?" she asked gently.

But the only response was incoherent muttering.

Miss Falconer turned to the nurse and made inquiry respecting the physician employed.

The nurse enlightened her as far as was consistent with her own ignorance of that detail and ended up by the fervent hope that Mr. Fredericks would soon return.

"Mr. Fredericks?" repeated the visitor, paling slightly, then recovering herself, "ah, yes! of course."

As she spoke there came footsteps on the landing and a cautious tap. She waited, with her heart gathering itself up in a knot, till the nurse admitted—Cecil Boyne.

"Thank heaven," she said with a gasp of relief. "It is not—it is you!"

But he regarded her with vast dismay.

"Did you not get my note an hour ago?"

"Yes, certainly." She was trembling still from fright at his knock.

"Then why are you here? I told you she was ill—"

"Should that deter me?" she exclaimed.

"But"—his voice rang with dire distress—"there is danger of contagion!"

She made a gesture of relief.

"That is all? I have no fears."

His anxiety only increased.

"Come, come," he implored. "For God's sake, come away. Oh, what made you do this? What made you do this? You can do nothing—she does not know you. Oh, I beg you come this instant!" His passionate entreaty startled her. He laid his hand upon her arm, his face was filled with apprehensive misery.

There were other footsteps without. The door opened for a third time and Le Barron entered.

There was no sound heard then—no sound save the fevered breathing of the woman on the bed.

The three who had thus came face to face were deathly pale and silent. Le Barron held his hat in one hand. The other had dropped loosely at his side. His glance rested on Miss Falconer's dress. He seemed unable to look her in the eyes. And she, for her part, seemed to shrink from sight of him, towards the other, who finally broke that horrid spell.

"You should not have come," he (Boyne) could think of nothing else to say. "Let me take you away."

Le Barron, though his eyes were lowered, must surely have read her slow, shrinking movement—the mute entreaty mingled with submission that Boyne should guide her from the spot. Even so she was led out, with drooping head and faltering footsteps. Even so Le Barron saw her pass from his presence without greeting or farewell, the friend he had trusted, the woman he had loved. As the door closed he turned with an effort and approached the bedside.

Miss Falconer's carriage awaited her at the door. She had clung to him pitifully while coming down the stairs.

"I would have spared you this," Boyne said with strong emotion.

"I know," she answered tremulously. "You are right. I cannot come to her—since he is there. But you—you will bring me word of her—you are her friend—you are my friend," her voice broke completely.

"I will do anything," he cried, his own utterance was choked, his words came disconnected. "There is nothing I would not do. If you could know my feelings, if I could but undo the part I have done, and yet I thought no harm. I meant no wrong. If you would but believe me."

"I do believe you." She had grown calm again.

He led her down to her carriage.

"Good by," she said gently, and gave him her hand.

"Good by."

There was a moment of silence before the carriage door was shut. In that moment their eyes met. And she seemed to read the strong desire he would have spoken, that by and by, when troublous times were over, they should still be friends and speak of other things.

When Boyne returned to Le Barron, the latter received him calmly—uttering no reproach—by Natalie's bedside.

[*To be continued.*]

SALMAGUNDI.

Commenting upon the sad news of the committal to the insane asylum of that old pioneer, Uncle Jesse Applegate, a writer in the Salem *Statesman* says that "financial reverses unbalanced his mind," and gives the following chapter of history as having been one of the principal causes. "In 1862 Mr. Applegate, member of the state convention, proposed the name of Samuel E. May for secretary of state, and he was nominated and elected. May's character for dishonesty was such that men were loth to become surety upon his bond, whereupon Applegate said he would not nominate a man for public office whose bond he was unwilling to sign, and he gave it his name. Four years thereafter, in 1866, Mr. Applegate was again a member of a state convention, and a second time he proposed the name of Samuel E. May for the same office, testifying to his honesty and fidelity. The latter was renominated and re-elected, and Mr. Applegate again went upon his bond. May stole $25,000 from the state. He was indicted by a grand jury of Marion county and brought here from a distant territory to which he had fled, and placed in our jail. He had two or three trials, but the juries failed to agree. May was discharged, and suit was brought against his sureties, judgment recovered in favor of the state for the money stolen by him, execution issued, and Mr. Applegate was stripped of everything he possessed. May resides in Chicago and his victim is in the Oregon asylum for the insane."

The Tacoma *Ledger* claims to have discovered all by itself the startling fact that Chinese Consul Bee of San Francisco, has visited the great going-to-be terminus of the Northern Pacific, strictly incognito. The poor reporter of the *Ledger*, when somebody stuffed him with this "information" worked himself into a paroxysm of despair equal to anything ever indulged in by that paper's chief Psycho editor, George Francis Train. Observe the effect of the information: "The reporter at once made a 'bee' line to the Tacoma hotel. Failing to find his name on the hotel register he began to search for him, but much to his chagrin he found that the highly esteemed Mongolian mediator had left the city as silently as he had entered. Nothing daunted, however, the local representative began to uncover the tracks that the consul thought he had so cunningly hidden. He found that he had stopped at the Tacoma under an assumed name, had held several secret interviews with some of Tacoma's citizens, and that the subject under discussion related to the matter of damages, the fraudulent claim of which it is supposed the Chinese, who last fall retired from this city, will set up." Having raised this specter of its own imagining, the paper proceeds to thrash it thus: "The reason the Chinese consul had in traveling incognito is probably best known to himself, but that it should be necessary for him so to do, speaks not well. A Seattle paper commenting upon the alleged visit, calls "it a flank movement on an unarmed settlement."

"The Arm" at Victoria is one of the finest places in the known world for a boat ride upon a moonlight night with the person whom you look upon as a little nicer than all others, and it is only just necessary to remark as an introduction to what is about to be related that the young people of our neighboring English city let pass few opportunities to enjoy its pleasantness. One evening last week a select boating party of two had gone a considerable distance beyond Gorge bridge, when one of the occupants, one of Victoria's fairest of daughters, fell overboard. Her companion at once plunged into the foaming current and as his lady love rose to the surface for the first time he shouted: "Give me your hand," to which the reply was instantly made, "Please ask papa," and she sank for the second time. On rising again she was rescued from her threatened watery grave. On their return to the city the incident was related and papa asked. The young man is now looked upon as the family's "dear Willie." The presence of mind exhibited in the above trying situation in taking advantage of an opportunity that might otherwise have been long awaited cannot be commended too highly.

Many readers have probably forgotten, long ere this, that United States troops are still quartered at Seattle, although the necessity for such protection to property has long since passed away. While the troops are orderly and their presence means quite a sum of money put in circulation each month, yet the citizens of the place generally do not like to dwell beneath the shadow of a garrison. Gen. Gibbon, commander of this department, who is now accompanying a party of distinguished citizens from Omaha upon a tour of the sound, held interviews with many of the leading citizens while in Seattle last Tuesday, and the *Press* thinks, as a result, that he will recommend the removal of the troops at an early day.

Frank H. Bowen, of Tacoma, has recently received a letter from his brother at Naples, Italy, written March 2. The long delay was on account of the letter having been sent by the ill-fated steamship Oregon, which sank in Long Island sound March 14. It was recovered from the wreck about two weeks ago, and although having been at the bottom of the Atlantic ocean for several months, was perfectly legible when it reached Mr. Bowen.

The cheekiest man in the world has come to the front in Josephine county. He has filed a bill against the county of $650 damage for building a bridge across a river which will virtually put an end to his ferry business.

The Whatcom *Reveille* remarks: "Unless a good Puget sound man can be united on, who has not been identified with the late Chinese troubles, Hon. Thomas H. Brents will probably receive the nomination for congress."

EIGHT THOUSAND LOCOMOTIVES.

The Baldwin locomotive works, Philadelphia, have just completed and shipped engine numbered 8000. The first locomotive built in these works was turned out in December, 1832, and it took twenty years, until November, 1852, to build 500 engines. The second 500 engines were built in eight years, number 1000 being finished February, 1860. The next six years saw the third 500 built, number 1500 leaving the shop July, 1866. The fourth 500 were built in three years, by October 30, 1869, the fifth 500 in two years, and the sixth and seventh 500 each in one year, engine number 3500 leaving November 20, 1873. Business then slackened, three years being required to build the next 500, and two years the following 500, engine number 4500 leaving December 17, 1878. Then trade improved, 500 engines being built in fifteen months, while 500 more engines were finished in ten months, number 6500 leaving December 6, 1882, and marking half a century for the works. The next eight months saw 500 more built, and before the close of 1884 number 7500 was turned out. Work has again slackened, and nineteen months were required for the final 500 locomotives, number 8000 having [illegible] left the establishment.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING

The day, but not the bride is come
As [illegible] her blossom time,
But golden [illegible] sustain the home,
She cherished in her prime
[illegible]

Where is the groomsman [illegible]
The true, the well beloved
[illegible]

The bridesmaids clad in silken fold
[illegible]
Where are they now? Their tale is told
Long, long ago they died
[illegible]

HOW THE SHERIFF KEPT HIS W[illegible]

BY GRAYSON [illegible]

Written for the Sunday Oregonian.

The sheriff of Coos[illegible] county took [illegible] from the water of the [illegible] [illegible] had thus came face to face e and silent. Le Barron held band. The other had dropped e. His glance rested on Miss He seemed unable to look And she, for her part, seemed ght of him, towards the other, that horrid spell. ot have come." He (Boyne) nothing else to say. "Let me

ugh his eyes were lowered, read her slow, shrinking move- ntreaty mingled with submis- hould guide her from the spot. led out, with drooping head steps. Even so Le Barron saw presence without greeting or ho he had trusted, the woman the door closed he turned with roached the bedside.

carriage awaited her at the ng to him pitifully while com- rs,

spared you this," Boyne said en.

answered tremulously. "You not come to her—since he is on—you will bring me word er friend—you are my friend," ompletely.

ung," he cried, his own utter- his words came disconnected. I would not do. If you could , if I could but undo the part d yet I thought no harm. I . If you would but believe

you." She had grown calm

n to her carriage. said gently, and gave him her

oment of silence before the car- ut. In that moment their eyes emed to read the strong desire poken, that by and by, when vere over, they should still be of other things!

turned to Le Barron, the latter ply—uttering no reproach—by

o be continued.

ALMAGUNDI.

pon the sad news of the com- he asylum of that old pioneer, egate, a writer in the Salem at "financial reverses unbal- and gives the following chap- aving been one of the princi- 1862 Mr. Applegate, member ention, proposed the name of for secretary of state, and he and elected. May's character as such that men were loth to pon his bond, whereupon Ap- ould not nominate a man for ose bond he was unwilling to ve it his name. Four years 6, Mr. Applegate was again a e convention, and a second the name of Samuel E. May , testifying to his honesty and er was renominated and re- Applegate again went upon h s $25,000 from the state. He grand jury of Marion county from a distant territory to , and placed in our jail. He rials, but the juries failed to s discharged, and suit was is sureties, judgment recov- he state for the money stolen issued, and Mr. Applegate verything he possessed. May and his victim is in the Ore- e insane."

iter claims to have discovered rtling fact that Chinese Con- ancisco, has visited the great nus of the Northern Pacific, The poor reporter of the rebody stuffed him with th s rked himself into a paroxysm anything ever indulged in by sycho editor, George Francis he effect of the information: nce made a 'bee' line to the aling to find his name on the began to search for him, but ain he found that the highly ia mediator had left the city d entered. Nothing daunted, representative began to un- at the consul thought he had ten. He found that he had ma under an assumed name, cret interviews with some of , and that the subject under the matter of damages, the of which it is supposed the ful retired from this city, will raised this specter of its own er proceeds to thrash it thus: inese consul had in traveling ly best known to himself, be necessary for him so to do, A Seattle paper commenting visit, calls "it a flank move- ed settlement."

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ictoria is one of the finest n world for a boat ride upon with the person whom you e nicer than all others, and it ary to remark as an introduc- about to be related that the e neighboring English city unities to enjoy its pleasant- y last week a select boating one a considerable distance ge, when one of the occu- oria's fairest of daughters, companion at once plunged current and as his lady love for the first time he shouted: ," to which the reply was lease ask papa," and she time. On rising again she er threatened watery grave. e city the incident was re- d. The young man is now 's "dear Willie." The xhibited in the above trying dvantage of an opportunity ee have been long awaited ted highly.

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ve probably forgotten, long States troops are still quar- lough the necessity for such erty has long since passed roops are orderly and their to a sum of money put in uth, yet the citizens of the not like to dwell beneath the rison. Gen. Gibbon, com- mmient, who is now accom- distinguished citizens from of the sound, held inter- the leading citizens while day, and the *Press* thinks, as l recommend the removal of ty day.

, of Tacoma, has recently re- his brother at Naples, Italy. The long delay was on ac- ving been sent by the ill- gon, which sank in Long 11. It was recovered from o weeks ago, and although bottom of the Atlantic ocean was perfectly legible when en.

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n in the world has come to e county. He has filed a unty of $650 damage for cross a river which will vir- his ferry business.

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with remarks: "Unless a an can be cuited on, who ified with the late Chinese mas H. Brents will probably tion for congress.

SAND LOCOMOTIVES.

omotive works, Philadelphia, t and engine num- st locomotive built in these in December, 1832, and it until November, 1852, to The second 500 engines years, number 1000 being 1860. The next six years built, number 1500 leaving The fourth 500 were built ctober 30, 1859; the fifth 500 e sixth and seventh 500 each number 3500 leaving Novem- ness then slackened, three to build the next 500, and lowing 500, engine number ber 17, 1878. Then trade gines being built in fifteen more engines were finished ber 6500 leaving December g half a century for the eight months saw 500 more e close of 1884 number 7500 Work has again slackened, ths were required for the ves, number 8000 having just nt.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

The day but not the bride is come,
As in her blossom time;
But golden lights sustain the home,
She cherished in her prime.

May we not call upon the band?
May we not ask the priest?
Our golden wedding is at hand,
And we shall hold a feast.

But where is he in snow-white stole,
Who the old service read,
That made us one in heart and soul?
Long, long has he been dead.

The bridesmaids clad in silken fold
Who waited on the bride,
Where are they now? Their tale is told;
Long, long ago they died.

Where is the groomsman, chosen friend,
The true, the well-beloved?
His terms, alas! is at an end;
Too soon was he removed.

Where is the bride, ah! such a bride
As every joy foretells!
I see her walking by my side,
I hear the wedding bells.

Where is she now? That we should say
She did not live to know
How passed her silver wedding-day,
So many years ago!

But come, and for your mother's sake,
Though vain it were to weep,
Let us the silent feast partake,
Her golden wedding keep.

—*Thomas Gordon Hake, in Magazine of Art.*

HOW THE SHERIFF KEPT HIS WORD.

BY GRAYSON P. MACARTHUR.

[Written for the Sunday Oregonian.]

The sheriff of Conejos county looked about him over the sage-brush covered acres of the San Luis valley, as his horse lazily drank from the waters of the La Jara. To his right, miles away, the picturesque Sangre de Cristo range cut the clear sky with its jagged peaks, above all of which towered the snow-crested Siena Blanca, or "Old Baldy;" and to his left, close at hand, the foothills rose in tree-covered terraces until they were lost in the distant masses of the Sierra Madre, the backbone of the great Rocky mountain chain. Between these two lofty walls, reared by nature, the valley stretched in barren flatness, broken in scattered spots by the dark streaks of timber which marked the course of the Rio Grande river down the center, and the occasional tributaries which flowed from the surrounding mountains. Here and there a dot in the picture represented the humble home of some settler, who with his ranch of 160 acres was eking out an existence by agricultural or stock-raising pursuits, and now and then the eye met with an elongated dash which stood for a bunch of wide-horned cattle, contentedly grazing on the ranges claimed by their owners.

Presently the horse ceased drinking and uninterestedly began surveying his surroundings, observing which, the sheriff gave the reins a jerk and at a jog trot splashed across the little creek. A mile of dusty road followed, the hoofbeats raising suffocating clouds of alkali, and then the shallow Alamosa was forded, and the horse was turned abruptly towards the foothills to the west. After riding some time through the straggling cottonwoods, which fringed the banks of the pretty, narrow stream, he came to a fence of such a nondescript and rambling pattern as to actually impress an observer as a work of art. On the other side of it, growing oats were sending their green stalks up through the rich soil, and a few yards beyond a cabin, half logs and half adobe, stood at the very edge of the belt of timber. The door was wide open, and as the sheriff swung out of the saddle he noticed a curl of gray smoke sleepily floating from the top of the mud chimney.

Leaving his horse standing untied, the reins trailing on the ground, the sheriff partly climbed and partly pushed his way through the fence and proceeded up the well-beaten path towards the cabin. The inevitable pistol protruded its huge handle from the holster attached to his belt, but beyond this he presented neither a formidable or warlike aspect; a small man, with sleepy blue eyes of very light tint, a thin-lipped mouth and a square-cut, determined chin. A closely-cropped moustache of a reddish color stiffened his upper lip, and the balance of his features were bronzed by exposure to the sun, wind and alkali dust. For a man of his stature and spare frame he seemed remarkably slow in his movements, and he walked with a careless, lounging gait, as though he had no particular object in view.

When he had reached within thirty paces of the cabin, and was in the act of stepping over the half-rotted trunk of a fallen cottonwood which lay across the trail he was following, a young man, coatless and hatless, suddenly appeared in the open doorway. He carried a rifle in his hand, and as he moved into view he raised it to his shoulder.

"Stop whar ye air, Sandy—I've got ye kivered," he said, and his keen eyes glanced along the motionless barrel of his weapon. With no exhibition of surprise, or attempt to touch his pistol, the sheriff halted.

"Ye *hev* got me kivered, Tom, but it don't make no difference," he answered quietly.

"I dunno, Sandy," returned the other, "though I'd hate ter drap ye."

"It'd do ye no good," remarked the sheriff carelessly. "Yer'd better put yer gun up an' come along sociable-like, Tom."

"I'd like ter 'blige ye, Sandy, but I reckon I can't this time. [illegible] pardner"—as the sheriff stepped across the cotton-wood—"kase this is only a three-pound trigger, an' my finger ez pullin' two pound now."

"Yer pistol pulled on ther h'r'r yesterd'y," commented the officer, coolly.

"It had ter," replied the young man, "er Jose Valdez wud hev drapped me, instead o' me drappin' him."

"I dunno," was the listless answer, "seein' thet I wasn't at the fight. Thet'll all be fixed 'cordin' ter ther court," and as he seated himself on the fallen log at his feet he added: "Thet must be gittin' hevy, Tom, an' ye'd better spell yer arm awhile."

The rifle was lowered from the shoulder, though its muzzle still pointed at the unconcerned visitor, and the finger continued to rest against the trigger. Then the young man sat down on the doorstep.

"Oats looking well, Tom," said the sheriff, casting his eyes observantly over the surrounding field. "Hed much trouble with the prairie dogs?"

"Some," was the laconic reply.

"They've been dreful bad down our way. Jordan hez lost a power o' his seed, an' he put in forty acres. Ther greasers, too, complains considerable. Grain'll be high this year."

"Shouldn't wonder, it's wuth six cents at the end o' ther track now, an' ther railroad hez ter bring it frum Kansas fer ther teams."

Then there was a silence for a few minutes. Finally, the sheriff looked up.

"Hev ye got anythin' yer want ter take with yer, Tom?" he said.

"I ain't goin', Sandy."

"Yes, ye air, Tom. I sed I'd bring ye back with me, when I cum," was the cool statement.

"Ye oughtn't ter a-done it, Sandy," replied the other, "ye didn't know what my 'pinion'd be, an' ye didn't know whether I wuz here."

"Yes I did. I knowed ye cum with me, an' I knowed ye hadn't skipped. Let's get along, Tom," and the sheriff showed signs of rising.

"But I ain't goin', Sandy. It waz a squar' fight; he hed his gun on me, only I wuz keenest on ther trigger. Thar ain't no use o' ther law sharps hevin' any chip in this game, an' the jedge don't want me."

"Yes he does, an' thet's ther reason I've cum arter ye. He wanted me to bring a posse, but I allowed thet wuz damned ridikulus. I seys, seys I, 'I know Tom Mason too well,' seys I, 'an' me an' him'll cum ridin' inter town in time fer dinner. He don't want no posse, nor more do I,' seys I."

"Ye wuz right 'bout the posse, Sandy."

"In course. I don't go much on posses 'thout yer arter hoss-thieves, they're in ther way, an' ther most too sociable-like fer friendly talkin'. Ye kin bring yer gun with yer, Tom, ef ye feels dubi'us 'bout ther greasers; 'sides it might git stole while yer down with us, ef ye left it," and the sheriff stood up and stretched himself.

"I reckon I'll stay yere," returned the other slowly, as he altered the aim of the rifle to suit the changed position of the officer.

"But you can't, Tom," expostulated the sheriff, "'cause I've cum for ye, an' ye'll have ter jine me. Whar's yer hoss? I'll round him up while yer lockin' yer cabin."

"He's in the shed yander," replied Tom thoughtfully, "but I don't b'lieve I'll back him jest now."

The sheriff made no reply but walked over to the dirt-roofed, pole-walled construction which served as a stable, and in a few minutes returned leading a sturdy-looking broncho, which he had saddled and bridled. Tom still sat on the doorstep, a doubtful expression on his face, and an undecided look in the eyes which followed the movements of his would-be captor.

"Just stop thar a minute, Sandy," he said as the other came near, "I ain't quite made up my mind yit."

"Yer only wastin' time, Tom," said the sheriff as he obeyed the request, "an' ther sun ez party high now. Thar's no sense in thet. Suppose ye drap me whar I am, ther boys would be on ye afore night. They'd know what hed happened ef I didn't show up with ye at dinner-time, an' it ain't sensible fer ye to buck this way. Ye kin plug me now ef ye want ter, fer I reckon thar's ninety grains o' powder behind ther ball at ther bottom o' thet barrel an' he's headed my way, but it wouldn't do yer no good. Ye would hev let sunlight inter me, but I'm only one, an' ventilatin' o' my insides wouldn't help ye any."

"I reckon yer right, Sandy," said the other slowly, "but I allow I wouldn't go with no other critter," and he arose to his feet, let down the hammer and leaned his rifle against the wall. Then he went inside and put on his coat and hat, and after locking the door, shouldered the long-barreled weapon and swung into the saddle. At the fence the sheriff mounted his horse, and the two men trotted southward.

Close to the old agency buildings and facing the adobe church whose battered exterior suggested centuries instead of years as the period of its existence, stood a log structure with a neat frame front. It differed from the surrounding houses in that it was two stories in hight, while they were mostly confined to the flat-roofed ground floor. Paper shades, too, hung at each window and there was an air of cleanliness about it due partly to its evident newness and partly to the busy hands of its occupants. It was an assertive house with a nineteenth century atmosphere in its painted boards, which distinguished it from its humble neighbors, whose slovenly walls were composed of the sun-dried bricks of the ancient Egyptians. Its shingles suggested a patrician sneer at the mud-smeared roofs below, and its gables contemptuously regarded the projecting poles, from whose ends hung the fiery strings of *Chili Colorado*, so indispensable in all Mexican cookery. Despite all this, however, it looked out of place in its surroundings and destroyed the picturesque unity of the scene. It was modern varnish on ancient carving; a New England wart on the Aztec body.

The house was the residence of John Cadwalader, whose cattle roamed along the banks of the Conejos river from the foothills to the Rio Grande, and whose family consisted of a wife and a daughter. The latter was standing in the doorway now, with the setting sun bathing her pretty, freckled face and dark, ruffled hair with its warm crimson. Kitty Cadwalader was a very good looking and a very self-willed young woman, and her lovers came from as far north as the Piedra de la Pintada; as far south as the Rio Colorado, and east as Fort Garland. It was not long, however, before the sprightly Kitty had made her choice, and the selection fell on Sandy Bradshaw, the doughty sheriff of the county. At first Sandy had hardly been able to realize his good fortune, and even weeks after the formal announcement he expressed the opinion that "she'd sprout wings an' flip yit."

But while the contumaciously inclined Kitty did not "sprout wings an' flip," she continued her career of flirting and heart breaking without change, performing her merciless cruelties in a perfectly impartial way and utterly heedless of the wretchedness she caused. She took particular delight in the power she wielded over the single-minded sheriff, and revelled in the slightest pretexts on which she could exercise it. Her simple, grave, honest lover amused her, while his blind, dog-like devotion ministered to her vanity. She had no compunctions in making him suffer, nor any hesitancy in exacting from him the most unreasonable services. It never occurred to his loyal nature that she was trifling with him, and her slightest wish or wildest whim were to him as the edicts of Divinity. On one thing alone he remained unshaken, and that was in his fidelity to what he considered his official duty. He spelled this with a capital D, and even the otherwise all-powerful Kitty could not make him swerve a hair's breadth from his conscientious discharge of it. She had attempted it once or twice in the vagaries of some of her mad freaks, and though she had succeeded in rendering him miserable and wringing his heart until the poor fellow half seemed like another creature, she had never been able to weaken him in this particular. The sanctity of his word was the Alpha and Omega of his simple creed. She could revile him—and Kitty was not above this—until the patient, loving eyes would moisten with despairing pain; she could deny herself to him for days at a time, until his suffering and his hopelessness fairly changed the lineaments of his face and the lines of his figure, but she never could win him from the full observance of his pledged word or his express agreement.

And so she ruled him with a rod of iron, one day lifting him into the seventh heaven of bliss, the next plunging him into the deepest hell of unutterable misery—blowing hot on Monday and cold on Tuesday, and he bore his tortures meekly and uncomplainingly, feeling grateful for the glimpses of happiness she sometimes gave him. This man, whose utter fearlessness had become a proverb in the lore of the valley; whose incorruptible fidelity was as well known, and as widely admitted as the existence of the mountains, was the sport of a coquette—the plaything of a thoughtless girl. He came across the plaza now, his face bright with his honest love.

"Evenin', Kitty," he said, as he came up to her.

"You're late to-night," she answered carelessly, while he smiled with pleasure, "and I wanted to see you. You've been in court all day, I reckon, and I hear they've convicted Tom Mason."

"Thet's so," he said, "murder in the first degree, which I allow ez purty strong fer Tom's shootin' o' thet greaser. Them cattle troubles o' his'n helped ther verdict some, fer I reckon Tom hez ben tolerable free with some o' ther greasers' stock. I wish it wuz 'most anybody else than Tom, though—bangin' ez a mean way ter wind up."

"Hanging?" she repeated in horror. "You don't mean to say they'll hang him?"

"I reckon thet's what I'll be tole to do with him."

"Oh," she said, with a gasp of relief, "It will be left to you, will it?"

"Yes," he answered grimly; "all sich jobs falls ter me."

"I am glad of it," she said as though dismissing the subject, "for then everything will be all right."

"I dunno," returned the sheriff doubtfully. "It'll be the first hangin' I ever did, an' I ain't so sure I kin do it up ter the handle. Ef it wuz shootin' I cud drap Tom inter ther hereafter in good shape, but this rope business ez new ter me, an' I'm a little skeery o' it."

"Don't talk that way, even in joke," said Kitty, impatiently, a scowl of displeasure drawing her brows together, "I don't like it."

The sheriff looked at her questioningly, with a trace of surprise in his eyes. Finally he said

"Fer ther sake o' old friendship, I hope ther won't be no hitch in ther show. Ef I'd had some practice it wud be all right, but I hater ter begin larnin' on Tom. They ought ter keep him 'till I'd swung up a greaser er two. I tole Tom so jest now, but he allowed ther thing wud run smooth-like—Tom's a real encouragin' man, an' thet's one reason why I don't want him disap'inted in any o' ther 'rangements."

"You told Tom you were going to hang him?" she demanded, half incredulously and half angrily.

"I sed I reckoned it would be so," answered the sheriff, astonished at her tone and manner and involuntarily preparing himself for a storm he felt was coming, but the cause of which he could not divine.

"But you know you're not," she said, decisively. There was a dash of doubt in her voice, though. It was dawning on her that perhaps the sheriff was not joking.

"I'll hev ter, ef I'm alive."

"Do you mean to say that you will deliberately hang Tom Mason, a friend of mine" —Tom was one of Kitty's devoted slaves—"just because a parcel of Mexicans say so? Sandy Bradshaw, dare you stand there and tell me—*me*—that you're going to hang a white man—one of my friends—*mine*?"

"I don't see how I kin help it," he said, humbly.

"You can't?" scornfully.

"No," said the sheriff, dubiously; "I don't see no hole to crawl out o'. When I wuz swore in, I swore ter do my duties 'thout regard ter feelin's, though I didn't look fer no hangin' bees, an' I ain't never yit bruk my word—it wudn't be squar' an honest-like, ye know."

"But Tom might escape if he had half a chance," she insinuated, nervously. She was realizing the danger now, and she liked Tom Mason.

"No," said the other, slowly, "he can't git 'way while I'm sheriff. I wuzn't 'lected to let prisoners git off."

"But a rescue! a big party of his friends, you know!" she suggested, not willing to admit the impossibility of making a breach in her lover's rugged honesty.

"Some o' 'em wud git hurt," he said, simply.

"I wish they'd hang you," she said, impetuously. "I hate you. I don't want to ever see you again. You're a cold-blooded murderer, and I hate you." Then the storm burst into tears, and she ran into the house.

The sheriff stood as though petrified, staring blankly at the door which she had slammed behind her. She had often in her tempestuous moods told him that she hated him. He was used to this, but she had never before accompanied her anger with a flood of tears. The sight of those glistening drops in her pretty eyes went straight to his heart. He loved the bright girl with all the strength and fervor of his simple, fearless nature, and the thought that he had caused her pain tortured him beyond measure. With a deep sigh he walked slowly across the plaza and went to his dull, bare room in the primitive jail.

For the next week when he called, Kitty refused to see him, and day after day he would sorrowfully turn away and go mechanically about his duties. All life seemed to have left him, and he performed his labors without interest and simply as a matter of pure habit. Then came the sentencing of Tom—the first time that a judicial decree of capital punishment had ever been uttered in the county. The prisoner listened to the solemn words of the judge without apparent concern. Tom did not believe that his cowboy friends or even Sheriff Sandy would permit him to be hung. He chafed at his confinement, but worried not a whit at what he felt sure would be its ultimate outcome. This scene in the court was followed a few days afterwards by an attempted rescue of the doomed man. A party of horsemen had ridden up to the jail one night and demanded the opening of the heavy door.

"Thar's enough o' us here, Sandy," said the leader, "ter handle yer party lively, an' we'll do it, ef yer try any backin' an' buckin'. No white man kin be hung in this valley, 'less he's a sheriff er somethin' ez bad. We won't hurt ye any ef ye play squar', though thar's a few o' us ez ain't lovin' yer with all our souls," a statement patently true, for they were a hard lot and most of them had already passed through the sheriff's hands in punishment for various crimes against the rights of property.

"I reckon, gen'lemen, ye ain't got enough guns an' men yit," said Sandy quietly from the narrow, iron-guarded window of his room over the entrance, "leastwise them's my calculations an' I've counted ye over twice." Then as he pushed the barrel of his Winchester rifle between the bars of the casement he added in a painfully loud imitation of a whisper: "This yere household hez retired ter rest, an' don't want ter be 'sturbed. We're asleep. Our only boarder, Mister Mason, wud never fergive me ef I wuz ter 'waken him up at this unreasonable hour o' the night, even ter do the squar' thing by ye gen'lemen. We want ter be perlite, an' sociable-like, but yer'd better go ternight an' don't make no noise ez yer mosey 'long. Call in ther mornin' an' we'll hev a way up time. Me an' Tom ez allers glad ter see our friends when we're 'wake, which is mostly in day time. We're all asleep now—thet's Tom snoring," as a profane shout of encouragement was heard from the prisoner who had been aroused by the sounds of the new arrivals and the loud conversation.

"Stop yer damn jaw an' open ther door afore we busts it in an' fills ye chuck full of lead," cried the leader, impatiently.

"Hu—sh," cautioned the imperturbable Sandy, invisible in the darkness within, while the horsemen stood clearly revealed in the bright moonlight, "I'm allers nervous an' trembly when I'm sleepin' an' this gun hez a ha'r trigger. My shakin' finger ez on it now. It's pointed at ye, Sam Wickers, an' ef I shud hev a bad dream I'm powerfully afeared somethin' dreful might happen."

Sam Wickers seemed to think so too, for he hastily wheeled his horse in among his companions. Sandy's accurate maksmanship was too well known.

"Say, look a-here, Sandy," said one of the party civilly, "yer ain't intendin' ter string Tom up fer killin' a greaser, be ye?"

"No," said Sandy slowly, "Jedge Lynch strings up but we drap down."

"Oh, hell," called a man on the further edge of the group savagely, "let's bust ther place open."

Crack! went the Winchester, and the man's arm swung jerkily by his side.

"Wait 'till yer bones ez spliced, Jim, afore ye try bustin'—it might hurt," advised Sandy, coolly, as he threw back the lever guard and forced another cartridge from the magazine into the breech. The exploded shell dropped with a metallic jingle to the foot of the wall, and the rescuers drew further away. There was too much reality about this excursion, and Sandy's Winchester had a convincing look about it as it rested on the narrow sill. They gathered about their wounded comrade and consulted with each other. It was certain death to some of them if they made the attack, and individually they disliked the risk. Suddenly they noticed the Winchester moving.

"Yere's a try for that northeast ear of yourn, Sam," called Sandy; but Sam dodged with alacrity, and with wonderful unanimity the whole party galloped away. Sandy listened until he heard their horses splash across the Conejos.

"Guns ez powerful persuaders," he said, and crawled into bed again.

The next day the sheriff met Kitty on the plaza. She had heard of the attempted rescue, and she proceeded at once to upbraid her gallant lover for his fidelity to his charge, and his successful defence of the jail. Secretly she admired his cool courage, but this seemed only to add sharpness to her words and stings to her expressions. Sandy listened in his usual meek, unanswering way, as she poured the vials of her wrath upon his bowed head, and received the lashings of her tongue without a murmur or an attempt at defense. He knew that he had done his duty, but he regretted that it had caused her displeasure. He wished that he could understand her, but he felt that this was impossible, and so he contented himself with just loving her—with just worshipping her whether she was angry or whether she was pleased. It was not a manly devotion—it was the unreasoning loyalty of the brute. It did not honor his humanity, but it demonstrated its burning intensity and all-consuming power. It could not be defended; it could only be marveled at and pitied.

"If Tom Mason is hung," she said, finally, having exhausted all her entreaties, commands and scorn, "you are responsible, and I will never, never marry you. You will be a cowardly murderer, and I will never, never stop hating you until I die," and with this parting shot she drew her skirts about her lest they might touch the pain-bowed man before her and walked away. And Sandy went back to his comfortless room with a heart heavy as lead and a mute agony in his loving eyes, but not a complaining or rebellious thought in his mind.

The days passed on and the fatal Friday was almost at hand. Already the gallows had been erected in the high-walled yard attached to the prison, and from the dangling end of the strong hempen rope a heavy bag of sand was kept constantly suspended that the cord of death might be fully stretched and tested. The huge strap hinges and the spring bolt of the swinging trap had been oiled and worked until they performed their parts in the ghastly machinery with scarcely any friction and no possibility of failure. Since the attempted rescue and Sandy's prompt foiling of it the prisoner had lost his cheerful air and had become morose and sullen. He was realizing that the end was coming with remorseless certainty and steadiness, and the thought was telling on him. He no longer answered Sandy's kindly greetings except to swear, and he regarded the sheriff now with a wild hate in his vengeful black eyes.

"Ef I cud git my fingers on yer throat once," he often hissed, "I'd be willin' ter dance in ther air."

He declined to see anybody, including the priest of the mission, and spent his time in impatient pacing up and down the iron cage which served the Conejos as a prison cell. The cage occupied the center of a large room which constituted the jail proper, and completely surrounding it to the thick walls of hewn logs and solid adobes was a wide space for the use of the sheriff and deputies. There was always one of these officers on duty within this inclosure, for the formidable looking cage was not looked upon as impregnable to a desperate man.

One morning a Mexican boy brought a soiled letter to the jail, directed to the sheriff. Sandy was alone in the "office," moodily smoking his pipe and wistfully gazing through the window at the glistening shingles of the Cadwalader home which showed above the intervening roofs. He took the missive absently, with no look of recognition at the dirty urchin, who immediately disappeared, and yet the youngster had often been the bearer of messages from the uncertain Kitty. Then, with an involuntary sigh, Sandy turned his eyes from the bright view without, and mechanically tore the envelope open. As he did so, something hard and round fell into his hand. He started and his feet on the table dropped to the floor with sudden violence, while he caught his breath with a gasp and his fingers trembled nervously. He laid the object on the rough table-top. It was a gold ring—the pledge of his engagement with Kitty. It was a flashy ring, with its cheap and wretched imitation of a valuable stone in its setting, but it was the best he could purchase when he had bought it, and to him it was the most beautiful thing in the world, for it signified the sum total of his earthly happiness. It was the first piece of jewelry he had ever selected—gaudy and ill-chosen though it was—but since it had encircled the brown finger of the girl he loved, it had become hallowed in his sight and priceless in its value. He looked at it now with a dazed expression in his blue eyes, and a nervous checking of his breath. Then he slowly opened out the letter and read:

"I will never marry a hangman, duty or no duty. Until you promise me that Tom Mason shall not be hung, I never want to see you or ever touch this ring again. I can never be happy if Tom is hung. KITTY."

The sheriff read the note over again, and then looked long and steadfastly at the poor little golden circlet before him. Presently his hands fell heavily on the table and he buried his face in them with a scarcely uttered moan, and thus he was found hours afterwards by his deputy. That evening he went to the Cadwaladers, and before he left Kitty wore the ring in triumph, and the sheriff carried a queer look on his face. The impetuous Kitty was so elated with her victory that she felt she loved her silent adorer as she never had before, and she kissed him good-night with real feeling and a tenderness he had never seen her exhibit during all their courtship. She stood in the doorway and watched him as he slowly walked across the moonlit plaza and kissed her hand lovingly when he turned and looked at her as he disappeared down the street.

"So there'll be no hanging to-morrow," she thought, as she closed the door, "and I have saved Tom's life, and hereafter I'm going to be good to dear old Sandy."

When the sheriff reached the jail, he went softly up to his room for a short time, and then came down and relieved his deputy who was on guard.

"Yer needn't come back ter-night, Bill," he said, "'cause I don't feel much like sleepin' an' I'll watch Tom till mornin'. Come 'round arter breakfast. Good-night," and so the subaltern had hastened away to the Mexican ball which was being given across the river. The sheriff locked the doors, lighted his pipe and went into the jail.

"Tom," he said, as he sat down near the cage and leaned against the bars, "I 'lowed p'raps ye might be lonely, and ez this ez yer last night in ther valley, I reckoned ye'd like ter have some company, an' flop a lip over a good cigar. Will ye try it?" and he extended the rolled tobacco towards the prisoner.

"No," growled Tom surlily, "I ain't smokin' with hangmen."

"Ye oughtn't ter feel thet way, Tom," replied the other quietly, "'cause ye know I'm only doin' my sworn duty, an' livin' up ter my word an' my oath."

"Yes, damn you," he said fiercely. "I ought ter hev drapped ye when ye come ter my cabin, an' then I'd ben adoin' o' my duty."

"Guess it wud hev ben best," assented the sheriff; "it wud a saved heaps o' trouble sure. I'm sorry ye didn't now, but howsomever thar's no use o' talkin' ther matter over ter-night. I've got ter hang ye in ther mornin' ef I live, an' thar's no gettin' 'round it, though I allows it ain't a cheerful prospect fer you." Then the sheriff was silent a few moments, while Tom threw himself upon his bed. Presently the officer removed the pipe from his lips and asked:

"Did yer ever hear how Comanche Bill got ther best o' ther gallows?"

"No, an' I don't want ter. Shut yer gab," was the surly response.

"It wuz afore yer time in the San Luis," went on the sheriff calmly, "an' its a real good tale. It wuz a Thursday evenin', jist like this, an' he wuz ter be hung ther next mornin' same ez you. Ther gallows wuz up, an' all ther things wuz on hand fer ther circus, jist like I've got everything fixed fer yer show ter-morrow.

"Wal, ther sheriff he come in ter ther cabin with him awhile, an' he sot up agin ther cage, same as I be. Ther sheriff's boss wuz hitched 'round back o' ther jail, jist whar mine ez standing now, an' ther wuz no one in ther hull place 'cept him an' ther prisoner Navajoe Jake, same ez we air now."

"I thought it wuz Comanche Bill!" said Tom, as he rose from the bed and drew near the bars.

"So it wuz, so it wuz," assented the sheriff, quietly; "my memory ain't ez good ez it used to be. Wal, ther sheriff wuz sittin' jist ez I be, with his pistol up agin the cage, same ez mine, an' Bill wuz standin' 'bout as ye air. This yere sheriff was a leetle tangled in his mind fer he'd promised an angel ez how Bill should not hang——"

"Yes," whispered Tom excitedly, leaning closer, for he now felt that the story had an object.

"But he wuz likewise sworn to do his duty, an' his duty sed hang. Now, it did seem ez though he cudn't do both, an' so he wuz a studyin' an' a studyin' the matter, when Jake—I mean Bill—leans down kinder soft-like an' draws ther sheriff's gun out o' ther holster an' sneaks it through the bars."

As he spoke, Tom's nervous hand performed the theft described.

"Wal," continued the sheriff in perfectly even tones, "thar wuz a fandango across the river in Guadeloupe thet night an' most o' ther Mexicans an' whites wuz thar, so thet Conejos wuz very quiet an' thar wuz nobody on ther streets. This angel I spoke of wuz ther—ther purtiest be'n' in the hull crowd, an' she wuz happy-like." The sheriff gave a faint sigh and was silent for a moment. Then he resumed: "This yer Tom—I mean Bill knew all these things, fer I reckon somebody hed tole him, an' so when he got outside he jest jumped on ther sheriff's hoss an' lit out south. The hoss wuz good an' fresh, an' jest bustin' ter travel. Thar wuz a bag tied ter ther horn o' ther saddle, an' inside o' it wuz a bottle o' whisky, a pipe an' some tobacco, a box o' matches, fifty cartridges what fitted ther sheriff's pistol, and a hundred dollars in greenbacks. It wuz all ther money ther sheriff hed er ther'd ben more. Bill didn't lose no time but headed straight for Mexico, keepin' clar o' San a Fe an' ther big towns, an' pickin' up fresh hosses on ther ranches by tradin' an' givin' money fer boot. An' fer this day they ain't ever caught him."

"How—how'd he git out o' ther jail?" whispered Tom, hoarsely.

It was dark in the room and in the cage now; except where a thin ribbon of moonlight came through a window and rested on the sheriff's uncovered head. He leaned over and knocked the ashes from his pipe, and then glanced wistfully up and out through the soft light of the moon to the twinkling stars beyond. Then he drew a long, deep breath, and said slowly:

"Ther keys o' ther cage wuz in ther sheriff's coat pocket, an' when Bill went out he locked all ther doors behind him, an' threw ther keys down ther well."

"An' ther sheriff?"

"Wal, in order ter git ther keys," said Sandy, in a low, even voice, his eyes still fixed on the window, "an' then ter git away, Bill tuk ther pistol he hed stolen, an' puttin' it up ter jest behind the sheriff's ear, he pulled ther trigger. Thet wuz all."

The sheriff's eyes were on the stars. The man within the cage was trembling. Then, suddenly, he raised the pistol, a loud report followed, and the sheriff had kept his word.—[Copyrighted. All rights reserved.

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Portland, Or., July 4, 1886. 4jtf

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STEAMER LATONA, ON AND AFTER MAY 1st will leave Taylor st. Dock, Portland at 10 A. M. and 3:30 P. M.; Oregon City, 7:30 and 1 P. M. Sundays, leave Portland at 10 A. M. and 5:45 P. M.; Oregon City at 8 A. M. and 4 P. M.

Portland and Lacamas Route.

On and after Monday, April 12 the STR. TRAVELER will leave Columbia River Paper Co's Dock, foot of Alder st., every day at 2 P. M., for Lacamas. Returning, leave Lacamas at 7 A. M., calling at Vancouver, Fisher's and all intermediate landings. For freight or passage apply at dock or on boat.

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Willamette Steamboat Co's Str's

MULTNOMAH and CALLIOPE (Capt. W. H. Pope, Purser E. Sullivan) leave Portland daily at 2 P. M. (wharf foot of Alder st., south side) for Vancouver, Fisher's Landing, Lacamas, Washougal, Van's Landing, Cape Horn. 15a

For Tillamook.

STEAMER A. B. FIELD, JOHN GABRIELSEN master, will make regular trips from Astoria weather permitting. Freight Astoria to Tillamook, $6 per ton. Passengers, Astoria to Tillamook $5; round trip, $7 50. Ship freight by O. R. & N. Co. boats, care steamer A. B. Field, Astoria. Mail shipping receipts to BADOLET & CO. 30atf

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Train for the East leaves Ash street every day at 3 P. M.

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Columbia, Tuesday	Aug. 10	State, Monday	Aug. 9
State, Friday	Aug. 13	Oregon, Thursday	Aug. 12
Oregon, Monday	Aug. 16	Columbia, Sunday	Aug. 15
Columbia, Thursday	Aug. 19	State, Wednesday	Aug. 18
State, Tuesday	Aug. 24	Oregon, Monday	Aug. 23
Oregon, Sunday	Aug. 29	Columbia, Saturday	Aug. 28
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GENERAL NEWS.

Close and Exciting Glove Contest in New York.

SAD WRECK OF A PLEASURE BOAT.

The American Consul's Statement of the Recent Mexican Outrage—A Church Wrecked with Dynamite—Eastern Notes.

NEW YORK, July 31.—A boxing match between Jake Kilrain, of Boston, and Jack Ashton, of Providence, came off at the Ridgewood baseball park, Brooklyn, this evening. The attendance was small, as it was feared the contest would not be allowed to go on, and was composed mainly of professional sports and theatrical men. Kilrain was decided winner at the end of the eighth round. Both men were in prime condition, having trained six weeks or more for the encounter. An old time pugilist, Ed Touhy, was chosen referee, while Gus Tait kept time for Kilrain, and Frank Moran for Ashton.

The men advanced at the call of time, and shook hands. Kilrain was first to lead. He let go smash for the mouth with his left, which Ashton stopped. Kilrain then sent in his right at once for the jaw, but failed to land, and began a savage attack on the body. Ashton stopped one punch, and got in a counter on the big man's ear that made him wince. Ashton took the lead in the last half of the round, and swung his left on Kilrain's jaw, dazing him. This evoked loud cheering. Ashton rushed Kilrain to his corner, and sent him against the ropes, but the struggle resulted in Ashton's head going under the ropes. After another clinch the round was ended.

CLOSE WORK.

The second round was full of close work. Kilrain was busy on the body, while Ashton made his opponent's head his objective point. Both felt weak here, but were engaged in a savage rally when they were sent to their corners.

Both came up cautiously for the third round, for which time was called twice. Ashton went in to force the fighting. Kilrain did some good body hitting. Ashton sent in his left for Kilrain's nose and the latter got in a good cross counter on his jaw that brought cheers from the excited crowd that now filled the space between the stage and grand stand. Ashton seemed to have the worst of this round, but his hard blows encouraged his friends to believe he would yet knock out the Bostonian. Kilrain kept up his body blows on Ashton.

Fourth round—Betting was now in Kilrain's favor. Ashton rushed, but got hit for every blow he landed. Some of his hits were hard ones. Ashton got first blood with a smash on Kilrain's nose.

Ashton again rushed matters in the fifth round, and he got in some good head and body blows. Kilrain responded gallantly and got a double on him once.

Kilrain came up with a big cut over his right eye for the sixth round. This round was one of long range fighting. Ashton had the best at first, but Kilrain got even with good smashers on the body at the finish.

The seventh round was hard hitting and was very even.

LAST ROUND.

There was great excitement as the men shook hands for the eighth and last round. It was not likely that either could knock the other out, but the contest would have to be declared a draw, unless one or the other could get decidedly the best of it. Kilrain was first to lead, and sent in a good one on Ashton's nose, bringing blood. Ashton went in desperately with both hands and looked sure winner at one time. Kilrain fought with wonderful skill and coolness, and once staggered Ashton with a right jaw. The excited spectators mounted the stage before the contest was over and dragged the men from the clinch. When the round was up both men were helped to their chairs by enthusiastic friends, each of whom claimed the battle for his man. The referee gave the contest to Kilrain, and his hands were almost wrung off before he could get rid of the gloves.

THE MURDER OF RASURES.

The United States Consul Makes a Statement of the Outrage.

AUSTIN, Texas, July 31.—Governor Ireland having been advised of the surrender and execution of Rasures, telegraphed to Linn, American consul at Piedras Negras, for particulars, and has received the following response:

EAGLE PASS, July 30.

Rasures was arrested by Deputy Sheriff Diaz at Eagle Pass, by order of Sheriff Oglesby, on the night of the 26th. He was handcuffed, and in fifteen minutes was delivered to the Mexican officers across the Rio Grande river. Sheriff Oglesby claimed that he acted on a warrant of County Judge Boffstetter, who says Oglesby persuaded him to sign the order for Rasures's arrest and delivery. There were no papers for his arrest from Mexico except a letter from Mondragon, captain of the state rangers, who made a general charge of horse stealing against Rasures. A protest against being delivered to the Mexican officers was strongly made by Rasures, who insisted that he would be killed by Mondragon, his personal enemy. He appealed to me for protection on the morning of July 27th, and I at once demanded his return to Texas on the ground of his being kidnapped, and also had Oglesby demand the prisoner's return on the same grounds. Both demands were refused by Mondragon. At 1 o'clock at night Rasures was taken from jail and brutally murdered by three of Mondragon's troop.

In 1878 Rasures made a declaration of citizenship in Maverick county. He lived with his family in Eagle Pass at the time of his arrest. He was an omnibus driver, and some of the best citizens in Eagle Pass and Piedras Negras testify to his good character. Sheriff Oglesby says he had a private understanding with Mondragon by which an escaped murderer from Texas for whom a large reward had been offered was to be delivered to Oglesby in exchange for Rasures. Public indignation is very great on both sides of the river over this affair.

E. D. LINN, U. S. Consul.

Gov. Ireland has written to the United States secretary of state as follows: "I have the honor to endorse the copy of a telegram just received from Hon. E. D. Linn, American consul at Piedras Negras. This man Arresures has been most foully murdered by the Mexican authorities and it is but a repetition of the insults and outrages committed on American citizens by the people and authorities on the right bank of the Rio Grande. While no possible excuse can be given for the part taken by the Texan officers in the illegal arrest and delivery to the Mexican authorities, still nothing in palliation of the foul murder has or can be offered by the Mexican authorities. The persons, whoever they are, who were engaged in the illegal arrest will be prosecuted, and I demand in the name of this state and its people that this state and her people must depend upon themselves for protection. The necessary redress can and will be obtained. I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOHN IRELAND,
Governor of Texas."

TEXAS WILL ACT.

The governor has revoked the commission of Joseph Hoffstein as extradition agent. The affair causes a great deal of excitement among the authorities and citizens of Austin. Governor Ireland says if the federal government does not do something Texas will act.

IMMEDIATE ACTION DEMANDED.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., July 31.—The democratic congressional convention to-day adopted resolutions calling on President Cleveland to take immediate action in the Cutting case, and punishing officers concerned in the murder of Rasures, near Piedras Negras.

A SAD ACCIDENT.

Several Members of a Pleasure Party Drowned by the Wreck of a Yacht.

HIGHLAND, N. J., July 31.—Intelligence is received that a schooner yacht from Philadelphia upset near the government dock at Sandy Hook during the storm last night. Six ladies and a young man were drowned. The body of one person has been recovered; the others are supposed to be in the cabin of the yacht. Nine of the yacht's party, all men, who were found clinging to the rigging after she capsized, were rescued. The name of the yacht was Sarah Craig. The party on board was one of pleasure, bound from Philadelphia for New York.

THE LOST.

SANDY HOOK, July 31.—The names of those lost by the capsizing of the Sarah Craig were Mrs. T. H. Stevens and her two daughters, Miss M. Stevens and Mrs. Aiken; two sisters, Miss Emma and Miss Bessie Merritt; Miss Maud Rettew and Chester Clark. The saved are J. W. Jordan, Alfred [illegible] W. S. Buck, Capt. Edward Ruddick, [illegible], Edward Lewis Bowman, [illegible] and W. Farish. Mrs. Stevens and [illegible]. A schooner has been towed near to the government dock, and the bodies are being taken out.

THE PARTY.

PHILADELPHIA, July 31.—The pleasure party of the ill fated yacht Sarah Craig left this city Tuesday, the 27th, for an eleven days' cruise along the Atlantic coast as far as Newport. T. M. Stevens, his wife, two daughters and a few of their friends arranged for the trip, but Stevens, who is manager of the Mutual Aid association, was unable to get off at the last moment, on account of an unexpected press of business. The party was to have visited Cape May, Atlantic City, Newport and perhaps other places further up the coast, and would have returned to Philadelphia to-day week. The Craig was hired by the party upon the representation of friends that she was a staunch craft and her master a thorough sailor. The party left here in very high spirits, and when last heard from were at Atlantic City and were having a very pleasant trip. Miss Rettew and the Misses Merritt were friends of the Stevens and lived here in comfortable circumstances.

THE ANARCHIST TRIAL.

The State Rests its Case, and the Defense Proceeds.

CHICAGO, July 31.—In the anarchist trial to-day the prosecution continued to read editorials by Spies, urging workingmen to buy guns and dynamite for use May 1.

When the state had finished its readings, Detective James Bonfield was placed on the stand, and identified some red flags and banners which were brought into court, as those found in the *Arbeiter Zeitung* office. They bear such inscriptions as "Every government is a conspiracy against the people," "Dick Oglesby, who murdered three working men at Lemont, is not in this procession. You can see him later. Boys, stick together," etc. Mayor Harrison being in court, the following inscription on another banner created considerable amusement, and caused the mayor to smile. It read: "Carter H., who clubbed our citizens during the car men's strike, is not in this procession. You can see him later."

THE STATE RESTS.

"Here the state rests," said the state's attorney, Grinnell, and the court ordered the defense to proceed with its case. Before opening its case the defense entered a motion to dismiss the case against Neebe, on the ground that there was no evidence connecting him with the offense charged. This was overruled, and the attorney Solomon proceeded to address the jury for the defense. First, he complimented the jury on its patience and endurance, spoke of its trying position, and asked that each member give the same close attention to the evidence produced by the defense as they had to all that had been presented by the state. He asked the jury to decide whether the state's attorney had fulfilled his promises. In the opening of the case the state's attorney had stated that he would produce incontestible proof proving who threw the bomb. Had this been done? Solomon claimed it had not. Proceeding to the charges against the prisoners, Solomon said they were not charged with anarchy or socialism, but, as shown by the indictment, the charge was the murder of Mathias J. Degan. The law, the attorney said, did not provide any clause which declared, or could be construed to declare, that defendants had committed murder. Solomon read from the statutes to show that the evidence brought against defendants did not prove that they were accessories to a murder. Solomon then read from several authorities to show what constituted the offense of conspiracy. If the state had a case at all it was on a charge of murder or conspiracy, and upon no other.

WHAT THEY EXPECT.

"These defendants," he said, "are not murderers or thieves, or burglars. They are not criminals, but are possessed of a feeling of broad humanity. We expect to prove that these men assembled at Haymarket on the night of the 4th of May, to exercise the right of free speech, to hold a peaceable meeting, held for the purpose of discussing the interests of the laboring men. But we see in the action of the police an incredible animus, we see in them a devilish design, a fiendish design, an intention to destroy every life on that market. We expect to prove to you that Fielden fired no shot at that meeting, and that he had not and never had a revolver. We expect to show you that witness Gilmer is a constitutional and professional liar. We expect to prove that on the night of the Haymarket meeting Schwab did not speak to Spies, as has been testified, but that he left the meeting some time before the explosion occurred. We expect to show that Parsons and Fischer left the meeting early, and were seated in Zepp's hall, perhaps drinking a glass of beer, when the bomb exploded. We shall prove that Neebe was at home, and expect to show that he had no knowledge of the meeting. You are familiar with the movements of Lingg. The evidence in no way connects him with the throwing of the bomb, and if he made bombs he did no more than he had a perfect right to do. We expect to show that none of these defendants fired shots at the Haymarket meeting, and the first shots were fired by the police."

At the conclusion of Solomon's address, court adjourned.

CRIMINAL CALENDAR.

CHURCH WRECKED WITH DYNAMITE.

POTTSVILLE, Pa., July 31.—At 3:15 this morning a tremendous explosion, the shock of which was distinctly felt in the city, occurred at St. Clair, two miles distant. Dynamite had been placed under the Baptist church and exploded, wrecking the building and entailing damage to the amount of several hundred dollars. The perpetrators have not been discovered, but the act is universally regarded as the result of a crusade of the law and order society, through whose efforts Daniel Walker, an old and respected citizen, was recently imprisoned for a technical violation of the liquor law, and who died in a short time, his death being generally attributed to his imprisonment. Some six months ago the store of an active member of the society was blown up and the excitement and bad blood occasioned by that demonstration has been raised to fever heat by subsequent events resulting in this morning's outrage.

THE [illegible] ROBBERY.

PITTSBURG, July 31.—[illegible] postal clerks who run between Pittsburg and New York, says the postal clerk who signed for the pouch was not Ferdinand [illegible]. He is a Bohemian, and lives at Terre Haute, Indiana. The pouch contained seventy-one registered packages, nearly all of them from foreign countries. It is difficult to estimate the exact amount in the pouch. It may be only $1000, or it may reach as high as the figures that were published, which place the value at $170,000. A postal clerk who was interviewed said that Fiedler admitted that he had receipted for it, but said he did not go to see whether all of the pouches in the list were accounted for when he took charge of them at Pittsburg, as he did not have time. The inspectors then told him that if it was not delivered within a certain time he would have to pay for its contents.

ATTEMPTED DYNAMITE OUTRAGE.

CHICAGO, July 31.—A member of the firm of Gillis & Malum, on entering his store, 270 West Fifth street, this morning found on the floor, ten feet from the door, a large dynamite bomb. The fuse had been lighted, but in falling it had struck on end and put out the fuse. This bomb is composed of about a foot of highly polished brass pipe, an inch in diameter. At one end is a wooden plug, into which is driven a number of nails. An inch from this end are wrapped several thicknesses of oil soaked flannel. In the other end is a fuse. Mr. Malum cannot account for the attempt to destroy his place.

A WILD WESTERN VERDICT.

DENVER, July 31.—*Tribune-Republican's* Gunnison special: In the district court this afternoon Frank Mason, charged with murder, who has been on trial for one week, was acquitted by the jury after being out one hour. It appears that the murdered man called Mason a vile name, and the jury, in its report, decided that a fellow who called another such a name deserved killing on general principles.

EASTERN NEWS ITEMS.

AN INHUMAN BROTHER.

NEW YORK, July 31.—In a memorandum book found in the apartment of Henry Lansley, in Hudson avenue, Brooklyn, where he put an end to his life last night by severing an artery in his wrist, were the words: "It makes me laugh to think I am lying here dying in this miserable condition while I have a brother a millionaire." The brother of deceased, who resides in Cumberland street, and who is very wealthy, at first said he did not know Henry. He then asked, it is alleged, if the city was not going to bury him. Finally he gave directions to have an undertaker take charge of the body.

A LARGE MILL BURNED.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., July 31.—Fire broke out in the [illegible] mill of the Indian Orchard Mills company at about 3:30 o'clock this morning, and the entire mill, which was 200 feet long and five stories high, is in ruins. The flames were confined to the mill building. The cause of the fire is not known. The mill furnished employment for about [illegible] hands. The loss is estimated at $300,000.

TROUBLES OF A [illegible] JUMPER.

NEW YORK, July 31.—Steve Brodie was arraigned to-day at the Tombs court for further examination on charges of wilfully obstructing traffic on the bridge and of interfering with a police officer in the discharge of his duty. His counsel entered a plea of not guilty, and the accused was held in $500 bonds for trial. Bail was promptly furnished.

WEEKLY BANK STATEMENT.

NEW YORK, July 31.—The weekly statement of the associated banks shows the following changes: Reserve, decrease, $1,[illegible]; loans, increase, $523,400; specie, increase, $243,200; legal tenders, decrease, $1,951,900; deposits, increase, $118,900; circulation, increase, $3[illegible]. Banks now hold $12,878,725 in excess of the 25 per cent. rule.

FLEEING FROM THE DROUTH.

WACO, Texas, July 31.—Every day brings new arrivals moving from the drouth-stricken counties in the west of Texas. Many of them are almost destitute and completely discouraged.

WASHINGTON.

The House Rejects the River and Harbor Agreement.

THE LANDLORD BILL PASSED.

A Resolution by Evarts on the Silver Question—Work of the Senate in Secret Session—The Disputed Appropriation Bills.

HOUSE.

WASHINGTON, July 31.—The house resumed consideration of the conference report upon the river and harbor bill.

Hatch of Missouri, rising to a point of order, sent to the clerk's desk and had read the instructions given to the conference committee by the house relative to the Hennepin canal, Sturgeon bay, Portage lake and other clauses of the river and harbor appropriation bill. The point of order he made was that the report of the conference committee was in direct violation of every single instruction given by the house, and therefore was not in order and should not be received. Hatch raised a question of consideration against the report, but the house, 111 to 21, decided to consider it.

Willis of Kentucky, a member of the conference committee, said that he had declined to sign the report, because he honestly believed that if it were ratified by the house it would be not only the end of this bill, but the end of every river and harbor bill in the future. He appealed to every friend of rivers and harbors to vote down this conference report. If that were done, before sunset to-day there would be another report, free from objectionable features.

The house then, yeas 10, nays 135, refused to agree to the report of the conference committee, and upon motion of Willis the house further insisted on the disagreement to the senate amendment, and a further conference was ordered.

Randall of Pennsylvania, from the committee on appropriations, reported the joint resolution extending until the 10th of August the provisions of the joint resolution providing temporarily for expenditures of the government. He asked for its immediate consideration, but Hiscock objected, and the resolution was not received.

THE ALIEN LANDLORD BILL PASSED.

Payson of Illinois, from the committee on public lands, reported back the alien landlord bill. It provides that no non resident alien or foreigner, nor any resident alien or foreigner who has not declared his intention of becoming a citizen of the United States, nor any corporation or association where one-tenth of its stock or right of property is owned or controlled by aliens or foreigners, shall acquire or own, hold or possess, any real estate in the territories of the United States. Provided, that the provisions of this act shall not apply to real estate necessary for the construction and operation of any railroads.

The bill passed—yeas 209, nays 0.

The speaker announced the appointment of Messrs. Reagan, Crisp and Weaver of Nebraska as conferees on the inter-state commerce bill. Also, the appointment of Messrs. Willis, Blanchard and Henderson of Illinois as conferrees on the river and harbor bill.

Blanchard asked that under the circumstances the house would excuse him from acting as conferree. His colleague, Hudson, also desired to be excused. The gentlemen were excused, and Messrs. Willis, Glover and Markham were appointed conferrees.

On motion of Morrison, the senate amendment to the surplus resolution was non-concurred in, and a conference ordered. The speaker appointed Morrison, Breckinridge and Hiscock as conferrees.

Forney, from the committee on appropriations, reported back the fortification bill with the senate amendments, with a recommendation that all the amendments be non-concurred in.

Butterworth of Ohio, moved that the house recede from its disagreement to the amendment establishing a plant at the Frankfort arsenal, Philadelphia. Pending action, the house adjourned.

SENATE.

WASHINGTON, July 31.—The senate took up the house resolution (from the library committee) for the appointment of a committee to inquire into the expediency of the plan for celebrating the 100th anniversary of the constitution and the 400th of the discovery of America. Hawley spoke of the efforts of certain gentlemen, who, by pamphlets and otherwise, were industriously pressing a plan for a great international exposition on some of the public grounds at Washington, with the idea of erecting expensive buildings, which were to be permanent. It was a question whether the manufacturing and business interests of the country were prepared for it. He had not the slightest idea that they were. No permanent exposition of such a character had ever been anything but a disastrous failure. He wanted to have the initiatory movement guarded, so that the government would not be committed for it.

Hoar declared that the purpose of the resolution was absolutely free from committing the government to anything.

After more debate the resolution was modified, at the suggestion of Hawley, so as to direct a committee of seven, of whom one shall be the presiding officer of the senate, to consider the expediency of properly celebrating at the capital of the republic these two illustrious anniversaries, and if said celebration be deemed expedient, shall report on the method, general cost and plan thereof at the next session of congress. It was adopted, yeas 31, nays 12.

A RESOLUTION BY EVARTS.

Evarts asked leave to offer a resolution requesting the president to open correspondence with the principal commercial powers of Europe, with a view of ascertaining their estimate of the effect now operating upon commercial exchanges and the values of commodities therein exchanged by the great fall in silver bullion and the disuse of free silver coinage, which dates from the demonetization of silver by Germany in 1870. Also to ascertain by such correspondence whether such powers, or any of them, are disposed, separately or with others, either with or without the United States, to engage, either by domestic relation or inter state convention, in any movement towards restoration of a parity between gold and silver, in full function as intrinsic money, upon a ratio to be established by law, and to lay such correspondence before congress at its next session. He said that he would next Monday ask the senate to consider the resolution, and would accompany the request with some brief observations. Ordered printed and laid over till Monday.

The senate committee on the proposed celebration of the 100th anniversary of the constitution in 1889, and the 400th of discovery of America in 1892, was announced. It consists of Sherman, Hoar, Sewell, Hawley, Voorhees, Gorman and Eustis.

The conference committee on the surplus resolution was also announced as Messrs. Allison, Aldrich and Beck.

On motion of Eustis, the senate took up the house bill to amend the laws as to the mode of packing and selling cut tobacco. He addressed the senate in favor of the bill.

Aldrich moved its recommittal to the committee on finance, as it was charged that the bill would open a door to great frauds. The bill was recommitted.

The senate then went into secret session.

UNDER CLOSED DOORS.

In secret session, by a considerable majority, the nomination of Wm. C. Matthews, of Albany, to be recorder of deeds for the District of Columbia, was confirmed. Also, A. B. Upshaw, to be assistant commissioner of Indian affairs; Fourth Auditor Charles M. Shelley, of the treasury department, and Surveyor Tinnan, of San Francisco.

The report of the committee on foreign relations, favorable to ratification of the Nicaraguan treaty was called up by Edmunds and after brief discussion was postponed till December.

The nomination of Capt. Beecher, son of Henry Ward Beecher, to be collector of customs of Port Townsend, Washington territory, was brought up at 5 o'clock, and Senators Dolph and Mitchell made long speeches against his confirmation. Senators Hawley and Evarts defended him. The case was postponed till Monday. When the doors reopened the senate adjourned.

WASHINGTON NEWS ITEMS.

DISPUTED APPROPRIATION BILLS.

WASHINGTON, July 31.—The fortification appropriation bill as it passed the senate was considered by the house committee on appropriations this afternoon, and it was decided to report it back to the house with a recommendation that all the senate proceedings be non-concurred in, and a conference be requested.

The conferrees on the sundry civil bill at their second meeting made no progress toward settlement of the difference between the two houses on that measure, but the situation with respect to the deficiency bill is more encouraging, as the conferrees at this morning's meeting reached an agreement on many of the items in dispute. A further meeting will be held in both cases before a report is made to the two houses.

NOMINATIONS.

WASHINGTON, July 31.—Nathaniel R. Dawson, Alabama, to be commissioner of education; A. C. Bradford, to be register of the land office at San Francisco; Wm. H. Campbell, of Kentucky, to be agent for the Indians at the Uintah and Ouray agency, Utah; George S. Hines, collector of customs for the district of Wilmington, Cal.

VETOED.

WASHINGTON, July 31.—The president to-day vetoed the act granting a pension to Jenny T. D[illegible] W[illegible].

ENGLAND.

MARK LANE REVIEW.

LONDON, July 31.—The *Mark Lane Express*, in its weekly review of the British grain trade, says: Unsettled weather and cold nights have retarded crops. Sunshine is needed badly. Sellers are obtaining an advance of 6 pence on wheat. In foreign wheats trade is dull and dragging, but prices are maintained. Flour has been dull, owing to large arrivals. Maize was steady. Mixed American spot is rather dearer. Grinding barleys are lower. Oats are in fair demand and steady. There were four arrivals and one sale, namely, of No. 1 California, which sold at 31s 3d. Three cargoes were withdrawn, and nine remain, three Oregon, three Chilian, one California, one Canadian and one New Zealand. Trade forward has been active. Monday, being a holiday, there will be no market.

BIG SHOE FACTORY BURNED.

LONDON, July 31.—The shoe factory of Stead, Simpson & Co., at Leicester, was destroyed by fire to-day. The loss is $250,000. Fifteen hundred persons are thrown out of employment.

CRICKET.

LONDON, July 31.—The Surrey eleven played a match game of cricket to-day with the Australian team. The Australians were beaten by one inning and 200 runs.

WELSH MEMBERS TO FORM A PARTY.

LONDON, July 31.—Welsh members of the house of commons propose to form a national party in parliament, on the same lines as the Parnellites.

CANADA.

THE MINISTER OF MARINE AT WORK.

OTTAWA, July 31.—During his visit to the maritime provinces Foster, minister of marine and fisheries, spent his time mainly in personal investigation of the complex fisheries question in the bay of Fundy. As a result of his investigation, several measures will at once be put into operation for a more thorough enforcement of the law on the borders of the waters of New Brunswick and Maine. The people of the maritime provinces are loud in their praises of the vigorous and efficient policy of the government. Mackerel have been plenty, and with little exception have kept close in shore. The United States schooners give cruisers a wide berth. The purchase of bait and supplies has been effectually stopped, and no trans-shipment of cargoes has been allowed.

IRELAND.

TO PLAY LACROSSE IN AMERICA.

QUEENSTOWN, July 31.—The Irish Gentlemen's Lacrosse club from Belfast sailed to-day on the steamer Eturia for New York. They are to play an international match on Tuesday and Wednesday, August 10 and 11, at Staten Island. Among the subscribers to the guarantee fund members of the Irish Lacrosse union, are Sir E. J. Carlind, Bart., of Belfast; John Shaw Brown, of Belfast; O. B. Graham, of the York Street Flax Spinning company, Belfast and New York, and Erastus Wyman, of New York. The field captain is H. C. Kelly, sheriff of the county of Downs.

MEXICO.

THE REVOLUTION.

ST. LOUIS, July 31.—The Matamoras, Mex., correspondent of the *Globe-Democrat* telegraphs as follows: Ninety revolutionists yesterday captured Burgos, in the interior of Tamaulipas, seized all the arms and captured the public funds. It is reported that up the river, in a fight with troops, revolutionists were defeated with a loss of two killed.

SPAIN.

A MINISTER RESIGNS.

MADRID, July 31.—Senor Camacho, minister of finance, tendered his resignation to the cortes to-day.

GERMANY.

DEATH OF ABBE LISZT.

BAYREUTH, July 31.—Abbe Liszt died at midnight last night.

SPORTING NOTES.

MONMOUTH PARK RACES.

MONMOUTH PARK, N. J., July 31.—Handicap for all ages, one and one sixteenth miles—Three Cheers won, Kensington second, Unrest third, time, 1 51.

Handicap for two year-olds, three-fourths of a mile—Queen Elizabeth won, Italia second, Nat Goodwin third, time, 1 18½.

Palisade stakes for three-year-olds, one and one-eighth miles—Dewdrop won, Folian second, Con Cregan third, time, [illegible]02½.

Handicap for all ages, one and one half miles—Bonanza won, Rupert second, East Lynne third, time, 2 41¼.

The Scud stakes, welter handicap, gentlemen riders allowed seven pounds, five-eighths of a mile—Young Duke won, Maggie Mitchell second, Stonebuck third, time, 1 05.

Purse for three-year-olds and upwards, one and one-sixteenth miles—Whizgig won, Blue Day second, Sister third, time, 1 5[illegible].

Purse, steeplechase over the full course—Braewood won, Charley Epps second, Harry Mann third, time, 5 20.

WASHINGTON PARK RACES.

CHICAGO, July 31.—Three-quarters mile—Hilton won, Florimore second, Ethe Hardy third, time, 1 15¾. Mutuals paid, $47 50.

Mile—Sir Joseph won, Nabob Swim second, Daring Kid third, time, 1 44. Mutuals paid, $7 20.

Maiden stakes, one and one-eighth miles—Montana Regent won, Ben Fisher second, Wyckow third, time, 1 59½. Mutuals paid, $15 60.

Mile heats—First heat, Billy Gilmore won, Ethe H. second, John Sullivan third, time 1 43¾. Mutuals paid, $6 60. Second heat, Billy Gilmore won, Ethe H. second, John Sullivan third, time, 1 43. Mutuals paid, $4 00.

Mile, hurdle—Guy won, Charlie Brannan second, Rushbrook third, time, 1 52½.

BASEBALL.

NEW YORK, July 31.—New York 9, Chicago 2.

PHILADELPHIA, July 31.—Philadelphia 3, Detroit 6.

WASHINGTON, July 31.—Kansas City [illegible], Washington 0.

BOSTON, July 31.—Boston 11, St. Louis 1.

RUNNING RECORD LOWERED.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, July 31.—At a meeting of the Cleveland Athletic club at Athletic park to-day M. H. Johnson, of Pittsburg, lowered the world's record for running 100 yards from ten to nine and four fifths seconds.

STEAMER MOVEMENTS.

NEW YORK, July 31.—Arrived, steamer Adriatic, from Liverpool.

QUEENSTOWN, July 31.—Arrived steamer Servia.

QUEENSTOWN, July 31.—The Steamer British Princess, from Philadelphia, arrived this morning.

RAYMOND'S NEW PLAY.

DENVER, July 31.—John T. Raymond closed a season here to-night at the Tabor Grand, in his new play by D. D. Lloyd, "A Woman Hater." It was the first production of the drama and was well received by the public. The company leaves for New York in the morning.

THE FIRST TEA SHIPMENT BY THE CANADIAN PACIFIC.

PORT MOODY, B. C., July 28.—The American bark W. B. Flint arrived last night, thirty-six days from Yokohama, with 17,500 packages of tea consigned to New York, Chicago, Montreal, Toronto and Hamilton. This is the first tea shipment by the Canadian Pacific and every effort is being made to push it. A large force of men are at work day and night, and Mr. Abbott, general superintendent of the Pacific division, informs me that the tea will be put through to New York in about eight days. Owing to the long passage of the Flint the exceptional advantages of this route cannot be demonstrated with this cargo. Another large ship left on the 10th and may be in in a few days.

Mr. Abbott expects that with the coming into power of the conservative government the Asiatic steamer service will become an established fact. That government when in power last had arranged to grant a subsidy [illegible] per year for such a service, but [illegible] government refused to carry it out. But [illegible] will doubtless now follow the accession of the Salisbury government.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

SALE OF A BIG FARM.

WALLA WALLA, July 31.—Dr. N. G. Blalock sold the big Blalock ranch, out of town, 600 acres, for $30,000. Henry G. Lee bought 6 acres and Gerred & Hobson 640. The farm is one of the finest in the valley.

Mugwump Wisdom.

Boston Herald.

On the whole, it does not take a very far sighted person to see that the democratic party is a very absurd party, without any positive principles.

PACIFIC COAST.

Heavy Seizure of Opium in San Francisco.

A NEW TRANSCONTINENTAL LINE.

A Prize Fighter Shot—Sale of a Big Farm—The Queen of the Pacific Accident—Gen. Logan in Utah.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 31.—On board the steamer City of Peking, which arrived here Wednesday from Hong Kong, were a number of coolies en route for Panama. They were kept on board the Peking until to-day, when they and their baggage were transferred to the Panama steamer Granada. It was believed by revenue officers that opium was concealed in the baggage, and as soon as it had been transferred to the Granada search was made. The search was rewarded by the discovery of two trunks of prepared and two baskets of crude opium, valued at about $1000. It has not been customary heretofore to search the baggage of coolies on the way to Panama, but a suspicion has prevailed for some time that smugglers have been in the habit of bringing opium to this port, having it transferred to the Panama steamer, and then, after the vessel has gotten some distance out, throwing it overboard, to be picked up by some vessel sent out for that purpose, and conveyed back to this port. The opium was seized because it was not entered on the ship's manifest.

HONORS FOR BACKUS.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 31.—About 200 clerks of the post office gathered this evening in the newspaper mailing rooms, and Assistant Superintendent Cox, acting as spokesman of his fellow-employes, made an eulogistic speech addressed to Postmaster S. W. Backus. The latter replied appropriately, and Superintendent Dyer of the mailing department, then presented a set of resolutions regretting the severing of official ties soon to take place between themselves and Postmaster Backus, and expressing appreciation of his past kindness and consideration toward employes under all circumstances. The resolutions concluded by wishing him full success in all his future undertakings. He was then presented with a [illegible] as a souvenir from all the clerks jointly. In the course of Postmaster Backus's remarks he stated that he would probably within a week have the pleasure of introducing to those present his successor, Dr. Bryan.

A NEW TRANSCONTINENTAL LINE.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 31.—The *Bulletin's* St. Paul, Minn., special states: The St. Paul & Manitoba and the Canadian Pacific have issued a circular announcing the opening of a new transcontinental line from St. Paul and Minneapolis, via their road to Vancouver, B. C., and all Puget sound and Pacific coast points. The Manitoba train, now leaving St. Paul at 7:30 P. M., will connect at Winnipeg daily, except Wednesday, with the Canadian Pacific through train for the coast without change of cars. At Vancouver direct connection will be made with steamers of the Canadian Pacific Navigation company for Victoria and Puget sound points. Connection will also be made there with steamers of the Pacific Coast Steamship company for San Francisco and Alaska points and all ports on the Pacific coast. Later connection will be made at Vancouver with steamers for Japan, China and Asiatic points.

A PRIZE FIGHTER SHOT.

VALLEJO, July 31.—Last evening in front of the Music hall, Georgia street, John Shaughnessy, a prize fighter of local repute, was shot by Sergt. Adams of the U. S. S. Ranger, in self-defense, Shaughnessy having assaulted him. The ball entered the small of the back and lodged in the stomach. His life is despaired of. Adams surrendered himself to an officer, and is now in jail. He is a member of Farragut post, and shortly before the unfortunate affair had been drilling with his post preparatory to attending the encampment.

A BIG DEMAND FOR SEATS.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 31.—The demand for seats and windows to view Tuesday's procession of the G. A. R. is already very great and is daily increasing. Extravagant prices are asked and paid for the use of windows and balconies. Several large stands, which will accommodate together over [illegible],000 spectators, are being erected along the line of march. Prices range from 50 cents to $3 for seats at these stands, and from $10 to $35 for windows and balconies.

HARMONY RESTORED.

The advisory committee of the precinct and county democracy met this evening and by a unanimous vote resolved to report favorably on the plan of reorganization as proposed by the democratic state central committee. This harmonizes all differences hitherto existing between the county democracy and the democratic state central committee.

THE IRON MOULDERS WITHDRAW.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 31.—At a meeting of the federation of trades last night the iron moulders union withdrew in a body from the organization. Their principal reason was dissatisfaction with the rules and regulations of the federation.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

THE QUEEN OF THE PACIFIC DISASTER.

VICTORIA, July 31.—The Queen of the Pacific sailed for San Francisco at noon to-day. The vessel was only slightly damaged by the explosion, the cause of which still awaits satisfactory explanation.

William Kade and A. Rolee, two of the crew, died this morning at the Nanaimo hospital. Two others will probably die, having inhaled the inflammable gas.

The salmon run continues very slight.

UTAH.

GEN. LOGAN IN SALT LAKE.

SALT LAKE, July 31.—Gen. Logan spoke last night at the Grand Army headquarters, telling the polygamous Mormons they must obey the laws. No organization could successfully resist the spirit of civilization and the laws of the republic. They must give up resistance or leave the country. About 1000 G. A. R. men have passed through this week, having big meetings and making loyal speeches every night. The Mormons are much agitated over this.

REAL ESTATE.

The following special report of the real estate market is furnished THE OREGONIAN by J. Fred Clark, real estate and stock broker:

The records of the past week show on the face of it light business, the deeds numbering twenty-three and amount being $17,[illegible]. Several of said deeds, however, where nominal consideration only is recited, represent actual transactions which if prices paid were given would make the total a fair one.

There were [illegible] mortgages recorded amounting to $[illegible] 00 and fourteen releases amounting [illegible] with this week's deeds showing. The following is a list of recorded deeds.

SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1886.	
L. & S. H. Strand to J. Finstrom, [illegible] acres, undescribed	$ 700 0
MONDAY, JULY 26, 1886.	
W. K. Smith & wf to Willamette University, L. 6, B. 16, Couch	[illegible] 00
Oswego Real Estate Co to C. W. Sheridan, L. 8, B. 40, Oswego	60 0
TUESDAY, JULY 27, 1886.	
J. H. Steffin & wf to M. Marks, L. [illegible] B. [illegible] Albina	[illegible]0
W. C. McKean & wf to C. Stark, 50x100 ft, cor Clay and [illegible] sts	[illegible] 0 0
F. W. Hood to J. J. McKinley Hood, 63 acres, S. [illegible]	5500 0
WEDNESDAY, JULY 28, 1886.	
[illegible] to V. B. DeLashmutt, L. [illegible] 20 [illegible] 30 31 Terminal Block, Watson's Add	1 0
J. G. Hughes & wf to V. B. DeLashmutt, L. [illegible] 22 23 24 [illegible] Terminal Block, Watson's Add	1 0
A. Reynolds & wf to H. W. Herron, [illegible] acres [illegible]	[illegible]0 0
[illegible] to [illegible], L. [illegible] 78 City	1 0
J. M. Smith to [illegible] Arnold, North [illegible] B [illegible] Fairview	100 0
J. B. M[illegible] & wf to W. Dice, L. 11, B. 2, Albina	400 0
THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1886.	
[illegible] & wf to S. Donaly, L. [illegible] B. 7 [illegible]	[illegible] 0 0
[illegible] & wf to B. & M. Brandenburg, L. [illegible] Add	1 0
[illegible] & wf to M. [illegible] Pittock, L. [illegible] Park	1 0
[illegible] to G. W. Pittock, Part B [illegible]	300 0
[illegible]	0
[illegible]	0
[illegible]	0
[illegible]	[illegible]

	Deeds	Amount
[illegible]		$ [illegible]
[illegible]		[illegible]
East Portland	5	[illegible] 0
Albina	1	[illegible] 0
	[illegible]	80 0
	21	$1[illegible],200 0

Becoming Fit for Citizenship.

Alta California.

Not long ago a Chinaman blew in his pile on faro, down in Fresno, but coppered the wrong tip and lost. As he came out a white man kindly inquired as to his condition, when the heathen answered, "If I ain't busted —— my Missouri heart!" The Missourians in Fresno appreciate the story, and it has been the means of relieving some of the distress due to dry weather.

YAQUINA BAY.

OCEAN HOUSE, July 29.

Summer resorts for health and recreation are numerous, and varied in attractiveness to suit all tastes. One of these, having superior attractions, has been made easy of access by the opening of the Oregon Pacific railway from the coast to Corvallis.

Some things I shall notice to answer pertinent inquiries, interspersed with items of information, which are supposed to be better known.

A journey after breakfast from Portland ends at Newport at 7 o'clock, a distance of 178 miles. The road to Corvallis runs through a very fertile and beautiful country, diversified by groves and streams, by forests and plains. All the marks of thrift and plenty abound.

Corvallis (the Heart of the Valley) is one of the oldest settlements on the Willamette. Some parts of it have an antiquated look, but there are fine new buildings, and other evidences of public spirit.

The Oregon Pacific railway penetrates the valleys intersecting the coast range, introducing the traveler to a totally different cast of scenery. Yaquina river widens as the road approaches the bay, and adds the charm of lake scenery to the other attractions of this romantic route, and at last the bay in its crescent beauty appears, with the deep border of the ocean beyond, a fitting climax.

The hotels are filled to their utmost capacity, but as many guests are leaving daily, there is room for new comers.

There are many families in camp, and the numbers are increasing. The climate and surroundings favor camping. The waters abound in fish of every description, and the bivalves in the sand are easily captured.

I speak well of any watering place that its frequenters are all pleased with it. The clear, spacious beach within the bay is a favorite resort. Here the crowd assembles from all quarters. The layers of the scene eliminates in swill bathing which can be enjoyed in perfect safety. There is no dangerous undertow. The waves having spent their force upon the bar roll along dwarfed to the capacity that exacts no heroic daring, and the bathers splash about in an ecstacy of glee. The scant apparel of women at balls and operas is severely criticised and justly. At the sea beach manners are changed. Men exhibit their brawny limbs with disgusting superfluity, and women appear in becoming garb. Strike a balance. Reserve semi nudity for the necessities of the private toilet. We have imitated the costumes of pagan Rome and the half civilized European courts at the infamous expense of republican simplicity and manly and womanly culture. An age of social decency will advance over true civilization and give emphasis and power to our salutary restraints, greatly to the advantage of domestic morals and social happiness and peace.

So much for the ethics. But what of the hygienic effects of sea bathing? With few exceptions, bathing on the north Pacific coast is injurious. The temperature of the water, except in sheltered localities, is too low. The circumstances in which the sport is engaged in, increases the exposure. On emerging from the waters, the cold air smites the body already robbed of vital heat with an unwholesome chill, and no reaction, which is both the sign and the effect of a beneficial bath, can take place. The recuperating amusements and the tonic air sometimes suffice to counteract the evils of sea bathing, but the cases of nervous exhaustion and low fevers following the practice of sea bathing are numerous enough to dictate extreme caution in the indulgence of this dangerous sport.

The outside beaches, north and south, are nearly level. Washed by billows, the sand resists the pressure of hoof and wheel, and makes a drive to Seal Rock on the south or Cape Foulweather on the north, an agreeable accessory to the pleasures of this place. The light at the cape gleams over the waters for miles. Its elevation is 151 feet above sea level. It combines the illuminating properties which recent experiments have developed, and is therefore a first class light. The lantern is a splendid work of art. The lens, whether viewed in straight lines, or at prismatic angles, is, to our inexpert eyes, without a flaw. It is a specimen of high art and conscientious fidelity. It is a French achievement, and more worthy of honor than a victory on the field of battle.

The lofty headland on the north side which separates the bay from the ocean, will distinguish this place as a sanitarium, and a tract for those who are seeking the most desirable sites for summer residences. On the bay side half way up the bluff on a broad shelf, is the Ocean House, which overlooks the bay. The curving shores are fringed with tents and buildings in the recesses of the precipitous hills. These rounded summits clothed in perpetual green, are beautiful, and ere long wealth and taste will crown them with habitations surrounded by the charms of horticultural embellishment. In the distance the coast range rises. There tower Thé mountain, so named by the famous voyager Capt. Cook, who also called the neighboring cape, Foulweather. Let the juvenile read again the account in "Cook's Voyages," and submit it to THE OREGONIAN for publication.

The Oregon Pacific has proved itself a power in the land. It has pushed its way through the windings of the Coast range into the broad plains, and is ready at the crossing of the Willamette. It has vindicated its claims to distinction and usefulness, and will add its quota to the settlement and civilization of our great commonwealth.

Alfred Stanton, of Marion county, one of the pioneers of '47, well-known in early days, is living in the Ocean House with his son, Francis Stanton, who is the proprietor. The old gentleman is in his 7[illegible] year, now enjoying, in comfortable health, the retrospect of growth and prosperity which he and his associates labored to establish.

A. L. L.

FIRES LAST MONTH.

From an inspection of the fire records during the month, which ended yesterday, it appears Portland has been most fortunate in the small number of fires that have occurred and the amount of damages sustained. During July the following alarms and fires occurred:

July 4th.—There was a still alarm at 9:45 A. M. from the corner of E and Third streets. The fire was in a one and a half story frame dwelling, occupied by T. McCann. The fire was caused by fire-crackers thrown carelessly around. Loss, nominal.

Another alarm was sounded on the 6th, at 11 to 1 M., from box 23, at the southwest corner of West Park and B streets. The fire was in a two-story frame building, occupied by Mrs. Adams. The loss was very slight. Fire caused by carelessness. Loss, nominal.

July 7th.—There was a still alarm at 2:30 P. M., at Second street between Alder and Morrison. Fire in a two-story brick building, occupied as a Chinese laundry. Cause, a lamp explosion.

10th.—Box No. 8, at 2:15 A. M., corner Jefferson and Water streets, steam fire-boat caught from boiler. Loss about $150, insured for $400.

16th.—Box No. 6, at 8:15 P. M., northeast corner of Second and Madison streets, two story frame building occupied as a Chinese laundry, caused by a defective stove. Loss probably $400.

17th.—Still alarm at 5:30 P. M., corner Madison and First streets, three story brick building occupied as an office by J. A. Strowbridge and others, damage nominal.

18th.—Box No. 35, at 1:50 P. M., East Park and A streets, two story frame building owned and occupied by Wm. Bond & Co. as a manufactory, caught from matches. Loss did not exceed $50.

24th.—Still alarm at 8:35 P. M., corner Third and A streets, two story frame building occupied as a Chinese laundry, caught from the stump of a cigar.

24th.—Alarm at 11:05 P. M., Eighth near Harrison street, two story frame building occupied as a dwelling by E. Cohn, loss not estimated.

The total loss for the entire month will not exceed $1250, all of which is covered by insurance.

INTERNATIONAL.

[illegible] Salt Lake
[illegible] Sprague
[illegible] San Fran
[illegible] do
McDermott, Or City
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] do
[illegible] Grants Pass
[illegible]
[illegible] San Fran
H. Carey, do
[illegible] Salem
[illegible] do
[illegible]
W. Hopkins, Vancouver
T. Brockman, Kansas
[illegible] do
[illegible] do
[illegible] City
[illegible] Scappoose
S. J. Ferguson, Tacoma
J. Smith, do
B. Hedy, do
J. A. Wilcox, do
C. M. Dilley, do
D. Cronley, Iowa

J. M. Flannery, San Fran
H. Hawkins, do
J. M. Badelbaugh, [illegible]
J. S. Reed, do
M. Horse, San Fran
[illegible] Nebraska
[illegible] Texas
M. Meyer, Chicago
M. Holst, [illegible]
A. Gimmel, do
H. Grenell, do
T. D. McCoy, Omaha
I. Hermon, [illegible]
S. Hermon, do
J. M. Collins, San Fran
F. J. Johnson, Tacoma
J. A. Power, do
I. Olsen, Tacoma
D. Buckley, San Fran
J. Slade, Tacoma
T. M. Dalley, do
D. Mosher, Nova Scotia
J. O. Mack, Alaska
S. S. Stinson, Seattle
O. J. Smith, Omaha
H. Hennessey, Nebraska
H. White, New York
F. Coleman, Montana

BEYOND THE LINES.

I'm a Yankee doodle dandy,
And we're counted rather handy
Born by that grand old river the River of the Pines,
I have sailed 'most every ocean,
And I always had a notion
That I swung a handy sabre along the Union lines.

At the ancient farm house gate
I parted from my Kate,
I pressed her to my bosom I kissed her many times,
But the mustering drums were beating,
McClellan was retreating
And they wanted all such boys as me among the Union lines,

And then with gallant Custer
See the loyal legions muster—
Along the uplifted sabres the dancing sunlight shines,
While the cannon thunders o'er us,
Mid the battle's awful chorus,
Like an avalanche before us we swept the rebel lines.

At last from war returning,
Still with love my bosom burning,
I heard again the sounds of yore—the old, familiar chimes
But for me no mother's blessing,
Not sweetheart's fond caressing—
All but the memory of the lost had passed beyond the lines.

Comrades, still a loyal soldier,
Somewhat frailer, somewhat older,
And yet beyond this world to me the star of promise shines—
For I know that they will meet me,
With love eternal greet me
A soldier of the Union when I pass beyond the lines.

ESSEX.

WALLA WALLA, W. T., July 30.

THE HOTELS.

BOLTON.

John F. Groves, Spokane Falls
M. Klein & wife, San Fran
J. A. Ferguson, do
Milton H. Barr, do
M. J. Tuttle, do
Henry A. Hill, do
J. H. McIntosh, Walla Walla

J. R. Wager, Pendleton
Chas. Wolpers, do
J. A. Rooney, Eugene City
G. A. Young, Manistee, Mich
R. P. Furbart, Salem
H. Hirschberg, Independence
Alex Campbell, Astoria

GILMAN.

John L. Wasser, U. S. Army
W. DeLacy, do
W. A. DeLacy, Seattle
[illegible] Albany
J. A. [illegible], San Fran
[illegible] do
M. S. Mayer, do
J. J. Richmond, do
W. J. Tharnell, Seattle

W. O. Turrell, San Fran
Abe Goodkind, do
Ike Abrams, do
Victor Fernbach, do
J. Steinberger, do
Henry Aikan, do
Louis Van Vliet, do
S. Rothchild, do

ESMOND.

Gordon Jeffrey, Salem
J. W. [illegible], Brooklyn
J. E. Hollis, do
J. E. Wykoff, do
Wm. M. [illegible], Wood River
W. W. J. Eberle, Seattle
Miss Tyrell, Sacramento
Miss McClatchy, do
J. Eldridge, Mt. View
J. G. [illegible] do
J. J. Torrey, San Fran
John Lane, do
W. J. Crosby, do
S. M. Simpson, do
F. H. Deakin, Yokohama
A. Dowling, Vancouver

Wm. T. Blood, Oakland
John King & wf, New York
B. H. Bristow, do
W. Riley, do
N. Adams, Davenport
Mrs. N. C. Rideout, Marysville
Miss Rideout, do
Mrs. D. Powell, do
A. T. Castland, Oakland
H. L. Hampson, New York
J. G. Yeomans & wf, do
F. R. Myers & wf, Chicago
Miss H. M. Myers, do
G. W. Cole & wf, St. Helens
W. L. Pitcher, New York

ST. CHARLES.

J. S. Hanson, Ohio
J. J. Reese, Kalama
R. B. Simpson, Hailey
J. H. Miller, Nestucca
Miss A. Allen, Aurora
Miss Adams, Boise City
C. J. McCall, Weston, Or
S. French, The Dalles
Miss J. W. Hollenback, N. Y.
A. Wilson & wf, Springfield, O
T. K. Cornelius, Cornelius
B. R. Francis, Reading, Pa
J. C. Fullerton, Roseburg
Miss Summers, Dalles
D. J. V[illegible], Oak Point
W. O. Barnett, Chicago
A. R. Carey, San Francisco
M. Abrahams, Fir Grove
J. R. Hogan, do
C. Williams, Yaquina
R. J. Smith, New York
Mrs. R. J. Smith, do
A. A. Whitney, Springfield, O

C. J. Candeane, Kalama
W. A. Humphrey, Albany
S. H. Rock, Nestucca
Mrs. M. P. DeLacca, Lewisville
S. Adams, Boise City
Miss S. Rush, The Dalles
W. T. Williamson, Weston
J. W. Hollenback & wf, N. Y.
W. J. Dertz, Rainier
Mrs. M. E. Morgan, Lafayette
R. T. Perkins & fmly, do
A. McKenzie & wf, Victoria
Miss A. McKenzie, do
F. K. McFarland, do
J. G. Lidwell & wf, Astoria
C. S. Fowler, Oakland, Cal
J. P. Fraser, Rockford, Ill
D. D. Burnell, Lewiston
Mrs. F. W. Walker, Chicago
J. R. Robinson, Alaska
F. B. Robinson, do
H. Schew, Milwaukie, Or
Col. T. R. Cornelius, Cornelius

EAST PORTLAND LETTER LIST.

Letters remaining in the postoffice, East Portland, July 30, 1886:

WOMEN'S LIST.

Anderson, Mrs Mary
Cartwright, Mrs J C
Cartwright, Miss Pearl
Countress, Miss Clara
Dean, Mrs
Durham, Miss Mattie
Furey, Miss Mary
Hodge, Mrs Annie
Holt, Mrs Lizzie
Hart, Mrs Barbara
Jones, Mrs Silas
Land, Miss Thresa

Lewis, Mrs Emma G
Morgan, Miss Lizzie
Martin, Mrs T J
Peterson, Lena F
Roberts, Mrs Susan
Sturrock, Mrs Margaret
Stout, Miss Della M
Thompson, Mrs Hattie
Taylor, Miss Isabell
Walter, Mrs L E
Wells, Julia E

MEN'S LIST.

Brown, J H
Brown, Wm
Buckley, John C
Cohen, J
Camp, Geo I
Fletcher, Charlie
Day, Ira
Dunn, John
Emery, Dow
Forton, Mr
[illegible], J
[illegible], A B
[illegible], J B

Huntington, S J
(2)
Huntington, O C
Hutchinson, Wm
Hyland, James
Howitt, Fred
Joyce, Jos
Johnson, Parrish
Kane, Joseph
Linch, Jas
Miller, B S
Miner, G W
Neppach, John

Pengro, P
Pearce, Ted
Ross, Chas A
Stevens, James
Sanna, Christian
Schomp, Robt E
Spaulding, John W
Townsend, Thos
Vanderberd, Chas
Williams, A H
Warren, W J
Wells, Allen W
Walton, Wm
Watrick, Joseph

MARY COUGILL, P. M.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. WM. T. COLEMAN & CO., Agts, San Francisco.

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25 YEARS IN USE.

The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age!

SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

Loss of appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, Fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Headache over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, Highly colored Urine, and

CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer. They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25c. 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR or WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1. Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

FOR THE [illegible] GLASS OF BEER IN THE city go to Frank Keller, First and Pine sts.

VOL. 26, —NO. 8181.

[illegible]

Nos. 1, 2, 5 and 7 No

Importers and Whol

POMMERY SEC CHAMPAGNE,
PIPER HEIDSIECK CHAMPAGNE.

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Mutual Life

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Similar testimony from the highest sources is abundant, and more of it will be given the public.

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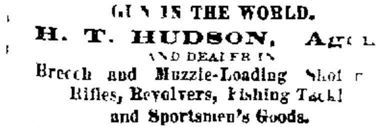
Portland, Or.

THE PARKER GU



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AND DEALER IN

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